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WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.

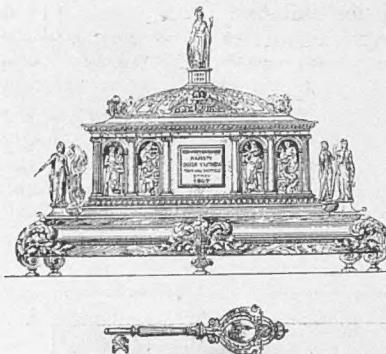


AT THE OPERA.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

THE SHEFFIELD TOWN HALL.

Sheffield, which the Queen visited on Friday, to open the new Town Hall, is one of the last of the large towns of England to provide itself with adequate municipal buildings. Yet few places have progressed more rapidly during the sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign. In 1801 it contained 45,758 inhabitants, in 1831 91,692. When her Majesty ascended the throne the population was considerably under 100,000.



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

The census of 1891 showed a population of 324,241. To-day the number has been increased to at least 340,000. Its industrial prosperity has been equally gratifying, the trades carried on ranging from the tiniest and daintiest examples of the cutlery craft to the huge armour-plates with which her Majesty's Navy is clothed, the great guns with which the men-of-war are armed, and the formidable projectiles which they fire. Her Majesty had never previously been to Sheffield. In 1875 the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, came to Sheffield to open Firth Park, the gift of a munificent townsman, the late Mr. Mark Firth; Prince Leopold opened Firth College, which was also built by Mr. Firth; Prince Albert Victor inaugurated the Industrial Exhibition of the Cutlers' Company; and the Duke and Duchess of York were in Sheffield on May 11, 1895, to open the new hospital, now known as the Royal Hospital. In 1835 the Queen, then the Princess Victoria, visited Wentworth Woodhouse on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Fitzwilliam, and subsequently a visit was paid to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Up to last Friday her Majesty had been no nearer Sheffield than these two places. The town was not incorporated until 1843. On attaining its jubilee as a municipality, her Majesty in Council conferred upon it the dignity of a city. The Duke of Norfolk, who is Lord of the Manor, was unanimously elected Mayor in 1895. His Grace was re-elected with equal unanimity in 1896, that he might, on behalf of the inhabitants, welcome the Queen on her first visit to the city. Reigning Sovereigns went frequently for the pleasure of the chase in Sherwood Forest, some fifteen miles off; but they fought shy of Sheffield. The last Queen who was there went as a prisoner, for the hapless Mary Queen of Scots spent nigh fourteen years in Sheffield as a royal captive, with Lord Shrewsbury for jailer. Then few of the Sheffield people of over three hundred years ago knew a Queen had been brought among them.

The Sheffield Town Hall occupies a commanding site in the heart of the city, the principal front, facing Pinstone Street, being 200 ft. in length, and the other, towards Surrey Street, 280 ft. The site, which is almost triangular in shape, is comparatively limited, although exceptionally valuable. The architect's aim, of course, was to obtain the dignity essential for the Corporation buildings of the fifth provincial city in England, combined with the maximum amount of internal convenience, and abundant light and air. With the space at his disposal, however, it was not possible to indulge in any extensive setting back of the various fronts to secure the utmost architectural effect. Account had also to be taken of "the Sheffield climate," which is largely tempered by smoke, and it was necessary, therefore, to treat the building simply and broadly with comparatively small projections, and keeping the different mouldings and cornices somewhat flatter than is customary in a municipal edifice. The architecture of the building is distinctly modern and of the style known as Renaissance. Throughout it is faced with stone obtained from the quarries at Stoke Hall, about a dozen miles from Sheffield—a stone most suitable for the purpose, although it is already taking the tone common to Sheffield buildings after a few years' existence. The external appearance of the edifice is marked by extreme picturesqueness and elegance. At the angle of Pinstone Street and Surrey Street, a lofty clock tower, 25 ft. square and 200 ft. high, is surmounted by a figure of Vulcan, 7 ft. in height. Over the central gates—of wrought iron, 14 ft. wide and including the grill, 16 ft. high—is an archway, richly panelled and flanked by twin Doric columns supporting the balcony. Surmounting the principal entrance are the City Arms, supported by heroic figures of Thor and Vulcan, while in the gable above is a life-sized statue of the Queen (carved by M. Raggi), with the Royal Arms of England overhead, and symbols of her Sovereignty of the Seas. In the central block of the Pinstone Street front are companion statues, representing "Peace" and "War"; over the first-floor windows are heads of animals, symbolical of India and the Colonies. In the upper part of the Council Chamber is a statue of "Justice."

The principal entrance to the Town Hall is in the centre of the Pinstone Street front. On the right of the principal entrance are the offices of the Waterworks staff; on the left, those of the City Accountant's department. The Town-Clerk, the Deputy Town-Clerk, and other members of that department have their rooms on the first floor, where are also the committee-rooms. On this floor are the Mayor's reception-hall, the dining-hall, and the Mayor's parlour, as well as the Council Chamber. The Council Chamber measures 60 ft. by 40 ft., is 28 ft. high, light being afforded upon three sides through traceried windows. At one side of the Council Chamber is a public gallery,

with seats for sixty persons. The oak canopy behind the Mayor's chair is supported by Ionic columns; in the central panel behind the Town Clerk's chair is the motto "Work while it is day," underneath being the conventional scythe and hour-glass. All the chief offices are furnished and fitted in oak, from the architect's drawings, at a cost of nearly £20,000.

A striking feature of the interior is the grand staircase, which is 10 ft. wide and supported on columns of red and grey Devonshire marble in alternate bands. The steps are of marble, with alabaster balusters and ornate marble handrail, the walls of this part being lined with polished Hoptonwood stone. The pavements of the vestibule, hall, and grand corridor are of marble, while the walls of the hall and grand corridor are lined with marble and alabaster.

The interior of the building displays a good deal of excellent sculpture, the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, Royal Academy Gold Medalist. Life-sized female figures, emblematic of "Electricity" and "Steam," adorn the spandrels above the principal entrance. The vestibule has on each side carved panels representing the various virtues, the spandrels between the arches being carved with flowers and foliage in harmony with the theme of the panels. In the hall a famous local legend is commemorated in a fine carved frieze depicting the slaying of the Dragon of Wantley (or Wortley) by More, of More Hall, "the Dragon's Cave" being still a shrine of pilgrimage for visitors to Wharncliffe Crags, a picturesque part of the landscape on the estate of the Earl of Wharncliffe, close to Sheffield, and open several days a week to the public. Over the door leading from the grand staircase into the ante-room to the Council Chamber is an appropriate and artistic panel illustrating the text, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Round the upper part of the staircase are figures and emblems typical of the Sheffield crafts. In the Mayor's parlour are several noteworthy decorative features. The stove is after a model of a Sheffield sculptor, the late Alfred Stephens; a fine chimney-piece has a panel carved in alabaster, with figures representing "Religion" and "Prudence"; below is an illustration of the text, "Unless the Lord build the house, their labour is in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Throughout the interior are carved shields.

The building is from the design of Mr. E. W. Mountford, F.R.I.B.A., of London, and it was carried out under his personal supervision. The contract was let to Mr. E. Gabbott, of Liverpool. The cost, including the site, approaches £200,000. The foundation-stone of the building was laid on Oct. 9, 1891. It was to have been opened last year, but the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg prevented her Majesty from fulfilling the gracious promise she has now redeemed.

The proceedings of Friday began with the presentation to her Majesty of an address enclosed in a gold casket, designed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who, as citizens of Sheffield, have lavished the utmost



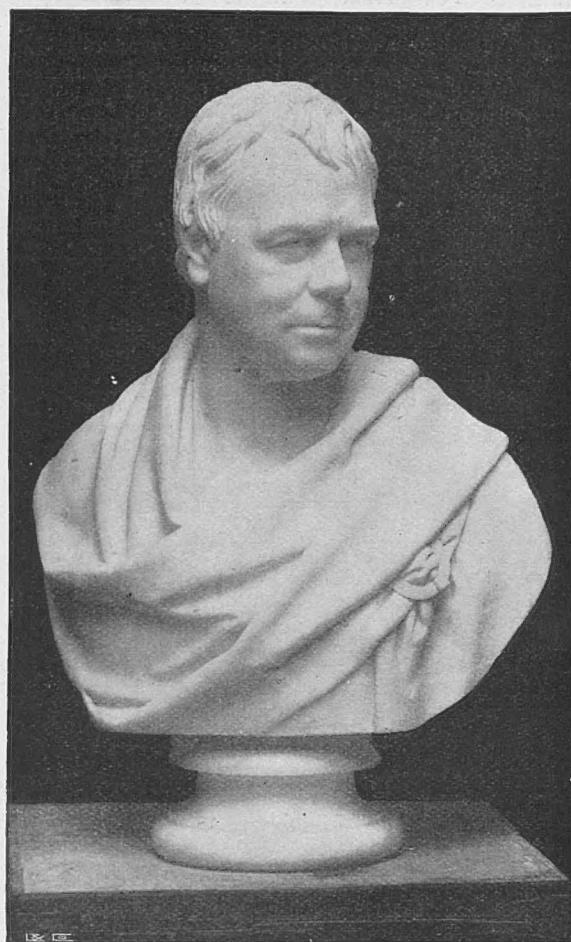
THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW TOWN HALL AT SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Bolas, Credic Lane, E.C.

care on the work. The actual inauguration ceremony consisted of her Majesty opening the entrance gates of the Hall with a gold key, also the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb. Altogether, the ceremony was a great success, for the Hall must be regarded as Sheffield's splendid manner of celebrating her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

THE LATEST WALTER SCOTT MEMORIAL.

In his Journal, under the date Oct. 9, 1831, Sir Walter Scott wrote: "There have been hosts of people here, particularly the Duke of Buccleuch, to ask me to the christening of his son and heir, when the King stands godfather. I am asked as an ally and friend of the father, which makes the compliment greater." The baby then christened



BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

grew into the man who on Friday unveiled the bust of Sir Walter which has been copied by Mr. Hutchinson from the famous Chantrey bust for Westminster Abbey. He boasted of having shaken hands with the great writer, and, although he could not remember the circumstance, he was envied by the company of distinguished men and beautiful women who were shown to their seats in the old Chapter House by the Town-Clerk of Galashiels. Among the ladies were the novelist's only living lineal descendants—namely, his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, and her family. On the platform, beside Dean Bradley and the new American Ambassador, were not only the Duke of Buccleuch, the head of the great Border clan to which Scott belonged, but also the Marquis of Lothian, chief of the Kerrs, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, who never feels really at home except in those regions from which Scott drew his inspiration. The Scottish element of the audience included also Mr. Andrew Lang, the latest editor of Scott and the biographer of Lockhart; Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., whose pictures breathe the spirit of the scenery that Scott loved so well; and Mr. Thorburn, Member of Parliament for the counties of Peebles and Selkirk. Mr. Speaker Gully came also to do honour to the mighty magician, and Mr. Toole sat for an hour on a cold stone bench. Some of those present may have wondered that Scott had not much earlier got a place among the immortals of Poets' Corner. Two generations have passed away since he sank to his rest. The reason of the delay may have been, as Mr. Balfour suggested, that there was no need of a memorial to preserve Scott's memory; it was now erected not to add to his fame, but to satisfy the needs of his admirers. The Squire of Abbotsford would have been pleased if he could have known that his eulogy would be pronounced on such an occasion by the Conservative leader of the House of Commons, himself a Scotsman, proud of race, and Mr. Balfour may in turn have been influenced in his view of Scott's services to history by recollecting that the Chapter House had been for three centuries the meeting-house of the Commons of England. It was as the artistic representative of the historic movement that he chiefly extolled Scott, remarking that no man before had—and no other man was likely to have—the same power of conceiving and making alive the characters in a historic past. Scott's style, he admitted, was "always hasty and sometimes careless," but he insisted, amid the ready applause of the company, that for the writer's purposes it was admirable, and that it was "admirably married to the matter." Some people said that the present generation did not read Scott. "That is not a subject," said Mr. Balfour, "on which I can speak with authority," whereat the young ladies facing him smiled. He expressed, however, the opinion that

Scott's hold on the general cultivated public was undiminished. There was a little stiffness in Mr. Balfour's manner on this occasion. He may have been preoccupied by the important announcement on Irish policy which he was to make in Parliament an hour later, and he spoke with his watch before him on the table. There was more freedom in the speech of Colonel John Hay, the American Ambassador. It may have been a trying moment when Mr. Bayard's successor rose for the first time in this country to address a critical audience. His face is that of a reserved literary man, with small features and dark short beard turning grey. He speedily showed that he was worthy to succeed even Mr. Bayard. His style was a little florid, but he spoke with real eloquence, and, as "the representative of a large section of Scott's immense constituency," he recognised that great and good man's gifts with a generosity which touched his audience. "Both mentally and morally" Scott was, in his opinion, one of the greatest writers that had ever lived. At the end of his speech he was enthusiastically applauded, none being more demonstrative than Mr. Balfour, who showed that he had not forgotten in the House of Commons to clap his hands. There was a very brief ceremony in the Poets' Corner, to which the company moved from the Chapter House. The bust stands behind the door, in a corner long since tacitly reserved for Scott, under the shadow of the monument to "the great" Duke of Argyll. When the Duke of Buccleuch drew the veil a general feeling of satisfaction was expressed, and Sir Theodore Martin, who spoke from personal recollection, bore testimony to the faithfulness of the bust as a likeness. It was examined during the afternoon by many of Scott's admirers, including a considerable number of Americans, who have contributed a hundred pounds to the cost of the memorial.

Nothing could have been more appropriate than the presence of the Duke of Buccleuch at the ceremony, for he is the head of the great family of which Scott, in point of mere clan-relationship, was a very humble member. Like many of his ancestors, and like the author of "Waverley," he bears the Christian name of Walter. It was on the third of his line, Sir Walter Scott of Branxholme and Buccleuch, who lived in the last part of the fifteenth century, that "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was founded. His great-grandson, also Sir Walter, was elevated to the peerage in 1606 as Lord Scott of Buccleuch, while his only son was made Earl of Buccleuch and married Lady Mary Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol, which throws an interesting light on the presence of the American Ambassador at the proceedings. The dukedom came with a woman, for, in 1663, Annie, who succeeded her sister as Countess of Buccleuch, married the Duke of Monmouth, and the two were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

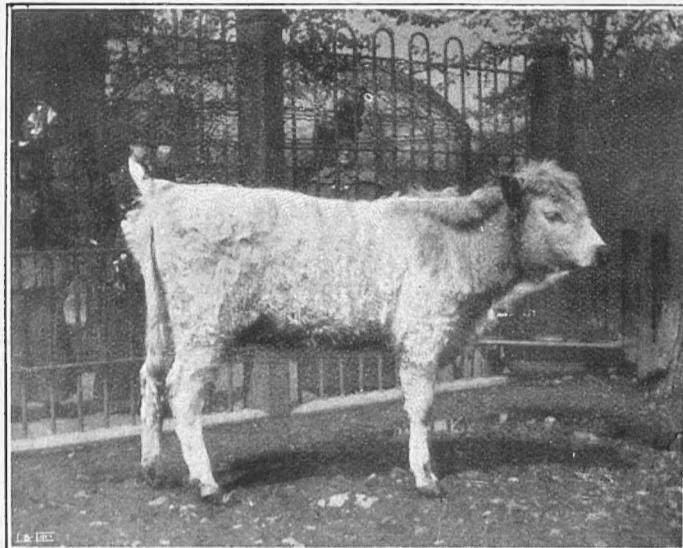
The third Duke succeeded in 1880 to the dukedom of Queensberry, and his great-grandson, the present Duke, succeeded to the title in 1884, one of his sisters being Marchioness of Lothian, while another married Cameron of Lochiel. The Duke himself married a daughter of the Duchess of Abercorn, the kinswoman of Lord Byron.

THE WILD CATTLE OF BRITAIN.

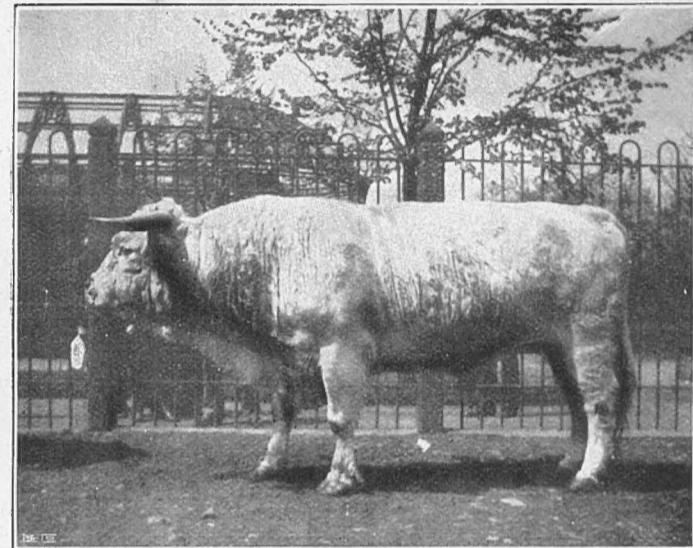
There is some doubt concerning the original stock from which the few jealously preserved herds of wild cattle are descended. Some authorities believe them to have sprung from imported animals turned feral, but the weight of opinion favours the theory that they are descendants of the magnificent beast described by Cæsar. Whatever their ancestry, the breed of white cattle is of high antiquity. The great nobles recognised that the wild ox must disappear before the steady increase of population and the destruction of the forests which sheltered him, and we owe it to their exertions that the species survives. Considerable tracts of forest land, with the game they carried, were enclosed by royal licence, and special laws were enacted in the interests of the animals so preserved. The penalty for poaching in one of these enclosed parks was three times as severe or savage as that inflicted upon the unfortunate who unlawfully killed game in a natural forest. After

portions of the original areas. The Kilmory enclosure, at the head of Lochgilphead, was denuded of the herd it had sheltered for centuries in 1886, when Mr. G. W. Duff Assheton Smith purchased the remaining thirty-two head and transferred them to Vaynor Park, near Bangor, where he had, fourteen years previously, founded a herd with twenty-two animals from Kilmory. The Lyme (Cheshire) herd, established in the fourteenth century, ceased to exist in 1885. The Somerford herd dates back only a couple of hundred years or so, while those at Blickling and Woodbastwick, in Norfolk, are offshoots from the now extinct Middleton herd. In addition to the herds mentioned, some twelve or thirteen others have dwindled to extinction within the last hundred years.

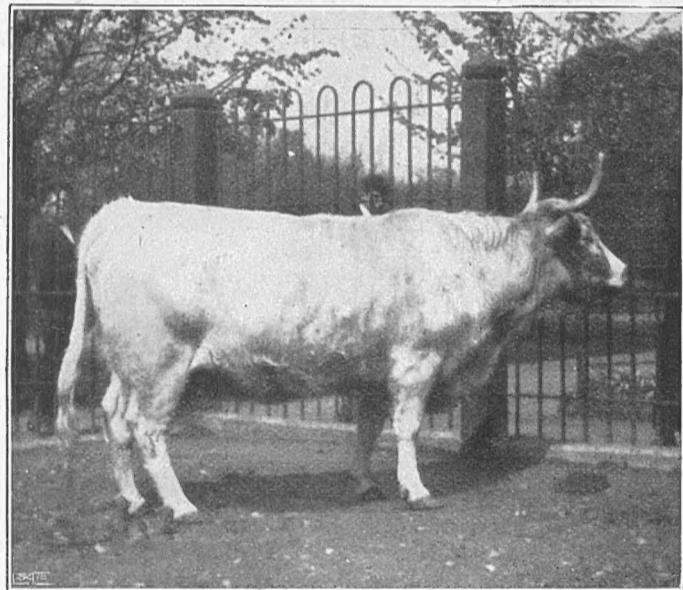
Although the survivors are descended from the same stock, certain herds present distinctive characteristics, which, unfortunately, the owners aim at preserving. It is unfortunate, because the system of in-breeding with these small groups of cattle must bring about depreciation in size and stamina, and, within measurable distance of time, result in extinction. The Chillingham cattle, for example, have boldly up-curving horns, red



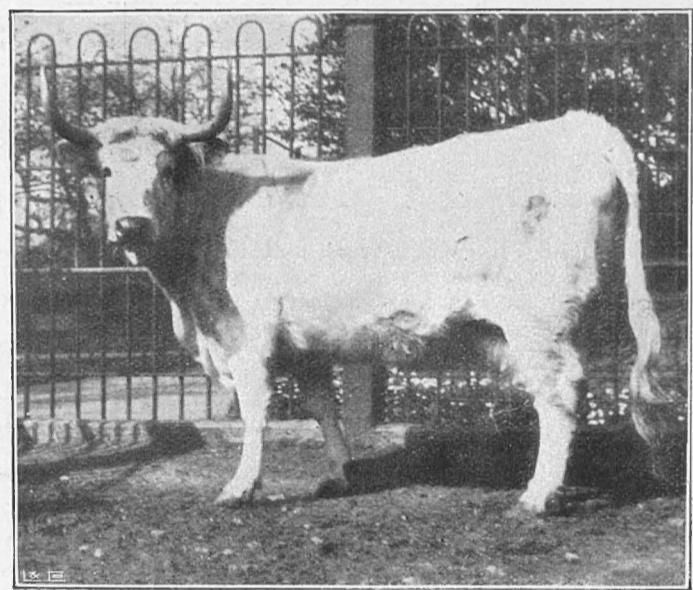
A CALF.



A BULL.



A COW.



A COW.

interviewing with a camera the comparatively pacific beasts in the cattle-sheds at the "Zoo," I am inclined to think that poachers in parks which contained wild cattle must have been few. The man who with bow or spear essayed attack upon a herd of wild cattle in large captivity would rarely have required from the hands of his fellow-men afterwards more than burial.

There are only seven herds now in existence. Thanks to the initiative of the British Association, a very interesting and valuable report on these was prepared some ten years ago. The oldest herd is that of Chillingham Park, in Northumberland. The park was originally enclosed about 1220, or possibly earlier. It now covers some eleven hundred acres, exclusive of woodland, and the famous Chillingham herd numbered in 1886 sixty head. Chartley Park, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, was enclosed somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century; the last published account of the herd it contains appeared in April 1895, when the total was forty-three head. Cadzow Park, Hamilton, N.B., occupies a portion of the old Caledonian Forest in which the Bruce is said to have hunted wild cattle in 1320; there are no records to show when Cadzow was enclosed. In 1886 the herd consisted of sixty head. These three parks must be regarded as distinct from others, inasmuch as they are original areas enclosed as sanctuaries for wild cattle, or, at least,

muzzle, and are red inside the ears; the Chartley cattle have spreading horns, and their muzzles and interior of their ears are black.

Let it not be supposed that the calves of wild cattle are always white; man's agency, "artificial selection," has produced the "wild white ox," and the uniformity of colour is procured by the slaughter of calves which outrage tradition by entering the world in a coat other than pure white. The Somerford herd is an exception; these "wild" cattle are polled, they are domesticated, and are not necessarily white, the herd including animals blotched and flecked with black and brown.

The splendid bull now in the "Zoo" was born in the Gardens in 1893, his sire being a gift from Lord Ferrers, owner of the Chartley herd; curiously enough, he is perfectly quiet in the shed, taking no notice whatever of a stranger; he is not, however, to be trusted in the yard even by his keeper. Regarded only from the stockman's point of view, Chartley is a magnificent bull; observe his long, level back, depth of body, and also the way the "meat is carried down" to knees and hocks; he is also considered a very perfect specimen of his kind, possessing all the distinguishing points of the breed. Lily, one of the cows above, was presented by Mr. Duff Assheton Smith; she strongly objects to the intrusion of strangers, but allows a certain amount of latitude to her keeper. The calf is Lily's daughter, and was born in the Gardens.—C.

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SMALL TALK.

While the Diamond Jubilee preparations roll round us, you may be interested to see a curious old print of the first of the House of Hanover,



GEORGE I. IN INFANCY.

in babyhood. It is two hundred and thirty-seven years come Friday since he was born at Osnabrück.

The public seem remarkably eager to learn about the issue of Jubilee medals, or a Jubilee coinage. I understand there will be no special Jubilee coinage (what a miserable affair, by the way, was the coinage of 1887), but the following Jubilee medals will be issued—

	£	s.	d.
A large gold medal (in case)	13	0	0
A large silver medal (in case)	0	10	0
A large bronze medal (in case)	0	4	0
A small gold medal (in case)	2	0	0
A small silver medal (without case)	0	1	0

Cases will also be provided for holding two specimens of medals of the same size side by side, either in the same or in different metals. Here is plenty of choice for all pockets, and the sale of the cheaper medals should be very large. The large medals will measure about two and a quarter inches in diameter, the small medals one inch. These medals will be obtainable in England at the Bank of England and its branches in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Hull, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. In Scotland and Ireland they will be obtainable at the Bank of Scotland and Bank of Ireland respectively, and at the branches of those establishments. These banks will not, however, undertake correspondence on the subject, neither will they forward medals. I may add that in making any application the necessary *quid pro quo* must be sent, and that no issue will be made prior to the week beginning on June 14. Readers of *The Sketch* may save themselves and their bankers some trouble by reading, marking, and learning these particulars.

A Jubilee medallion of the Queen has been designed by Mr. A. E. L. Rost, son of the late learned Arabic scholar Dr. Rost, who for very many years filled the post of Librarian to the India

Office. It is struck both in white metal and in bronze, for sale at a very moderate price. On the obverse of the medal is a wreath with four dolphins, allegorically representing the four seas, out of which rises a trident, indicative of Great Britain, the Mistress of the Seas. The head of her Majesty is surrounded by a laurel-wreath, which takes

the place of the usual crown; while the inscription reads—"struck in the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign, 1897." The reverse side bears an ornamental shield.

Among the numerous Jubilee publications which I receive from day to day I count a dainty little book entitled "Queen Victoria," by David Williamson, published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, one of the most attractive. Mr. Williamson is the editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, and his little souvenir does him abundant credit, as also his publishers. It is well arranged and beautifully printed, with a large number of well-chosen illustrations.

We hear a great deal about Jubilee honours. I am afraid that my friend Mr. Boyd, of the *Pelican*, will not have a place. I see in his competition as to who is the smartest lady cyclist, Miss Carrie Coote receives over 1000 votes, Miss Mabel Love 387, Miss Gertrude Kingston 305, while the Princess of Wales has only 304. Surely it would have been better to have left royalty out of a competition of this kind.

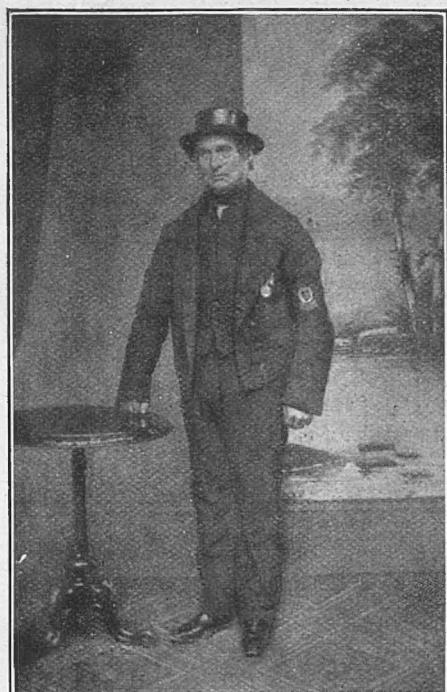
We saw an interesting "Coronation memory" in "Rosemary," at the Criterion. Here is another, with the advantage of not being fictitious. A lady correspondent writes an interesting letter from Gosport, telling how her "husband's dear old father is quite a relic of the Queen's Coronation." In 1837 Mr. Thomas Hobbs, then six-and-twenty, belonged to the ship's company of the *Volcano*, one of the earliest steam-vessels of the Navy. On the morning of the Coronation, when the ship had been just three days in commission, Mr. Hobbs was sent with two other men to hoist the Royal Standard over the gates of Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty passed under that flag about mid-day. The three "mariners of the sea" (as Mr. Gilbert has it), Thomas Hobbs, George Sinclair, and Peter Magee, were kept at Buckingham Palace until sundown, when they duly lowered the Standard. It is to be hoped that, as in the famous Coronation Ode, "like Count von Stroganoff, they got prog enough." Thereupon they returned to Woolwich. Mr. Hobbs was less a waterman than a fireman, however, for he was the very first to pass the examination for "leading stoker" in the Navy. His ancient fire has in no way declined. Although eighty-six, his daughter-in-law writes—

Were it not for rheumatism, he would be as spry as many a man at forty. His intellect is clear, and his memory as keen as a razor. In speaking of the Queen on Coronation Day, he describes her as "a little slip of a maid, no bigger than my stick."

"Little slip of a maid" is admirable; evidently our excellent friend is somewhat of a stylist. Much of his time was spent on one of the old wooden frigates. He holds the long-service and good-conduct medal, and three modest pensions. The accompanying photograph, as the uniform shows, is, like the original, not of recent date. Mr. Hobbs's mind is "a perfect storehouse of old-time knowledge." "No man, I suppose," my correspondent concludes, "is watching the Jubilee preparations with more interested eyes than he." Why should not the brave old worthy hoist the flag again on June 22? I may note that two of his sons also served in the Navy. The eldest, like his father, served for thirty years, dying as a warrant officer at the age of fifty. He held four medals—two Crimean, long-service and good-conduct, and Humane Society's medal. A second son, who is still living, and whose portrait I also give, saw twenty-six years' service in the Navy. He was for three years on the *Dreadnought* when the Duke of York was a midshipman on her, and served a three years' commission in the *Scout* when Prince Louis of Battenberg was Commander. He retired upon a life-pension two years ago, holding four medals—the long-service and good-conduct, two Egyptian, and a South African.

"A loyal woman" writes me that it "would be a graceful compliment on the part of every Englishwoman on the day of national festival to discard all other flowers, and wear nothing but roses, more particularly those of York and Lancaster, either in hat, bonnet, or other decoration."

The *Drapery World* deals in a minutely technical way with the fashions adapted by women during the Reign.



MR. HOBBS SENIOR.

MR. HOBBS JUNIOR.
Photo by Ellis, Malta.

An extraordinary portrait of the Queen has been published by the Diamond Jubilee Publishing Company. It is entirely made up of words describing the principal events of her Majesty's glorious reign of sixty years. It contains no less than 173,000 words, and the time of completing such a task has taken four years and seven months.

A friend of mine is the much-envied possessor of a seat from which he will not only obtain an admirable view of the Jubilee procession, but will actually see her Majesty pass away, as it were, beneath his very feet. This coveted position is the arch of Decimus Burton, on which once stood the colossal statue of the Iron Duke, and which now dominates the approach to Constitution Hill. This solid-looking structure is not nearly so solid as would appear to the casual observer. In the northern side resides a park-keeper, who lets two rooms to a bachelor—much envied by many of his fellows. These rooms, when they become vacant—which is seldom—do not long remain so, as, though small, they are cosy and in a capital position; besides, the Wellington Arch, Hyde Park Corner, is quite an imposing address to print upon one's note-paper. One of these rooms looks into the Arch, and the fortunate tenant will almost touch the Queen's carriage as it drives through. The southern side and the upper part of the Arch are appropriated to our gallant civilian defenders the Metropolitan Police, and here dwell numerous constables. The thick walls make the place very snug in winter, but somewhat stuffy in summer. There is a way out to the flat roof of the Arch, from which the great Duke once surveyed the fashionable world with eyes of bronze, and here seats will be erected, which, I believe, will be for the benefit of the officials of New Scotland Yard and their friends. It would be difficult to find a more attractive coign of vantage from which to see the historic show as it winds up Constitution Hill and then bears away east down Piccadilly.

Helen Lady Forbes of Newe, the beautiful sister of Georgiana Countess of Dudley, has written music for an ode, "Let the People Praise Her." Lady Forbes, indeed, is writing a great deal of music nowadays. Her recent compositions include "H.M. Scots Guards Galop," "Merry Boys Barn Dance," "Huntingtower Waltz," dedicated to

the Princess of Wales; and a polka, "Dinna Forget," all published by Phillips and Page, of Oxford Street. Then Messrs. Hart send me a vocal march by Mr. T. Walter Partridge, entitled "Victoria the Great," while "Jubilee Bells," by H. Cubitt, comes from Mathias and Strickland. Messrs. Novello have also published twelve hymns with tunes suitable for Jubilee use.

Here is the reverse of the medal which the Duchess of Portland presented at the Crystal Palace, the other day, to some thousands of young people who had competed in the Annual Essay Competition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Thomas Palmer, of *The Sketch*, resplendent in Sunday clothes and a clean collar, received a handsome book and the medal which I reproduce.

Old Mar Castle belongs to the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and is situated on their estate. It has long been merely a picturesque ruin, a place for picnics and such-like Arcadian diversions, but lately Mr. Farquharson has had it done up and sufficiently furnished to let, while his first tenant is Miss Fleetwood Wilson, a lady well known for many kindnesses and hospitalities in her house in Portman Square. Last year she gave a royal concert and several smaller entertainments, as well as innumerable dinners; but this year she is *hors de combat*, so far as social events are concerned, the doctors having ordered her complete rest and quiet for a year. She is staying now with Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis West, at Ruthin Castle, and some time in June takes up her residence at Old Mar Castle.

My congratulations to Princess Christian, who was fifty-one yesterday, and who has just republished her "Life of Princess Alice" in extended and cheaper form. Unlike the Princess Pannonia, the years do not affright her, for the good works in which she has taken an active interest since girlhood have come to bear fruit. Owing to a number of accidental circumstances, the life of her Royal Highness has been spent almost entirely in England. She has never had a Scots home, and every year of her married life has caused her to be more closely identified with the Royal Borough, for Cumberland Lodge is within a short drive of Windsor. Few people are aware that Princess Helena, as she then was, was exceedingly anxious when a girl to make nursing her profession; but in those days the divinity which hedges crowns proved an insuperable barrier. The Princess has, however, retained a great *tendresse* for those engaged in the art of healing. She is familiar with the workings of every London hospital, and she has long been one of Miss Florence Nightingale's most assiduous and faithful correspondents.

The Indian Famine Fund has been an enormous success, and has surpassed in amount its predecessor of 1877; the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund has also appealed to the public favour, both as regards donations and annual subscriptions, in no small degree; but it has been left to the Princess of Wales's Dinner Fund to draw the biggest individual subscription of the three funds. Why this should be so it is somewhat difficult to imagine, for, although our popular Princess's

kind heart is shown in that idea of a substantial meal on Queen's Day for outcast London, the *lasting* good of the enormous expenditure must be small compared with the results of the other two charities. The donor of this magnificent £25,000 desires to remain anonymous, and it is rather hard, if his desire is genuine, to attempt to frustrate it by guesses and surmises. Still, if the liberal benefactor sent his cheque for the sum as is stated, and did not instruct his bankers to pay it for him, as he might have done, his name is pretty certain to leak out. Perhaps the reason why the Princess's scheme appealed to him so forcibly may not be far to seek, if, as it is in some quarters confidently asserted, he is not unconnected with a certain colossal provision business, founded by an energetic, industrious, and clever man, whose beginnings were so small that he can recall the time when he slept under his own counter, and may perhaps have felt the want of that substantial meal.

One of the most promising speeches delivered in the present Parliament was that of Captain Pretyman in the Budget discussion. Captain Pretyman is a young man of great possessions. The son of a Canon of Lincoln, he succeeded to the property of his cousin, Colonel Tomline, and married Viscount Newport's eldest daughter, a sister of whom is Countess of Dalkeith. Captain Pretyman has a slim figure of average height, and a sharp, clever face. He is well known in the House, a favourite among the young Conservative aristocrats, but till last Thursday night he did nothing to distinguish himself. It is hard for a man in his circumstances to settle down to the everyday work of the House of Commons. In such cases the goad of ambition is necessary. It was the pecuniary interest of his class which drew a speech, lasting one hour and a quarter, from Captain Pretyman. He attacked the Death-duties with great skill. He had the subject at his finger-ends, and he spoke with the clearness and coolness of a practised Parliamentarian. His courtesy, moreover, was so inviolable that even Sir William Harcourt, the chief victim of his attack, listened to him with unruffled countenance.

There are many able young men among the new members on the Ministerial benches. This has been acknowledged even by opponents like Mr. Bryce and Sir Charles Dilke. Yet the young men do not come forward except on rare occasions. Perhaps the Parliamentary battle is too languid in these days to stir their blood. If they lounge in the Lobby or entertain ladies on the Terrace the Whips are, of course, quite satisfied. To dress well and to vote regularly are the essential qualifications of a good Unionist member in the eyes of a Whip. It may be that the more ambitious of the young Unionists are those who fetch and carry for Cabinet Ministers as private secretaries "unpaid." A private secretary takes himself as seriously as his chief, and fears to speak without authority. There is no pushing, daring Lord Randolph Churchill on the back benches. Several of the new men have made brilliant maiden speeches and then retired to obscurity. It remains to be seen if Captain Pretyman will repeat his success of last Thursday. There is no doubt he could if he would. Old members are always glad to welcome young men of promise. Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to hail with effusion any sign of political ability shown by the scion of an old family, and Sir William Harcourt welcomed Captain Pretyman's clever speech with equal graciousness.

The mushroom season is now in full swing, and *gourmets* should rejoice. Our lively neighbours over the Channel make use of some thirty to forty edible varieties, and there is no kind of fish, flesh, or fowl but can be adapted by them to *champignons*. It is rather a pity that the British farmer does not take a leaf out of his Continental rival's book in the matter of mushrooms. A considerable export trade might in time undoubtedly be built up. Even now mushrooms are a great deal cheaper in Covent Garden than they are in French provincial towns, and our damp climate is admirably suited for their production. Fine specimens are found in the New York parks and in the Bois de Boulogne, but not even in the lovely sylvan solitudes of Kensington Gardens would the mushroom fancier find his favourite vegetable, save in a grimy state.

It has always been admitted that the institutions popularly known as bucket-shops find both at home and abroad women to be their best customers. Probably this is owing not so much to the feminine gambling instinct as to the fact that dabbling in stocks and shares seems a very easy way to increase a small settled income, the more so when the deluded fair believes that she can obtain special tips from those of her friends who assert themselves to be "in the know." New York ladies carry on this kind of gambling quite openly; a black-board replaces the, to London speculators, familiar tape. American women seem to have a great business faculty, and many strange stories are told in Wall Street of the great fortunes made (and lost) by lady speculators.

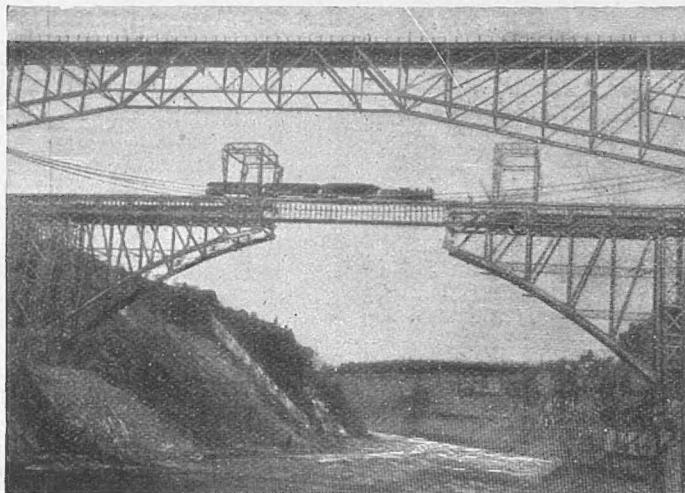
The Psychical Research Society should certainly turn their attention to French ghost-lore, for there a large field is awaiting investigation. The latest story of the kind concerns the Sabourault family, who are now passing through experiences which throw those of the Wesleys in the shade. Indeed, nothing but the good old word "possession" seems in any way to apply to the state in which these worthy *bourgeois* have been reduced. Invisible beings seem to have entered into them and into all their belongings. As is so often the case when this sort of phenomena is in question, most of these strange furniture-movings, rattlings, groans, and so on, centre round one member of the family, the twelve-year-old "Renée." Even among leading French occultists opinions seem to be divided as to the part played by the little girl in the matter.



INNOCENCE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

The Niagara Falls Power Company's big power-station offers one of the most interesting studies on the subject of electrical heating to be found anywhere. The fact that the roof of the great building is free from and unbroken by chimneys excites the attention of approaching visitors, and many are at a loss how to account for the unusual appearance of the structure until they get inside and realise that the pleasing warmth is due to electrical heat, and that no other heat is employed about the



THE NEW STEEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."

building. In the dynamo-room there are fifteen heaters, arranged on three circuits of five heaters each, and each circuit takes up about 200 horse-power. The heaters are hung about fifteen feet from the floor, partly as a means of safety, but partly to distribute the heat midway between the roof and the floor. It must be said, however, that this method of heating is not an economical one, and would be found available only where the power is very cheap and very plentiful,

A wonderful piece of engineering is being performed at Niagara Falls, where a new steel arch is being sprung from cliff to cliff, right under the existing railway suspension bridge, which it is intended to replace, without the slightest interruption to the traffic on the railroad or the highway it supports. The point of operations has been the scene of many engineering feats that called for no small amount of ability. It was here that the first bridge over the Niagara Gorge was erected. The structure was built of wood, and in its construction an iron basket and cable-way were used. It was begun in 1848 and finished in 1855. In 1880 the wooden structure was replaced by another of steel, and in 1886 the stone towers were replaced by towers of steel. The new structure is being built under and around the existing bridge. The iron-work was commenced on both sides of the river at the same time, and day by day the arch has grown towards the centre. It will have a span of 550 feet, which will be connected to the cliffs at each end, by a trussed span 115 feet long. It will have two floors, or decks, and on the upper floor there will be room for double tracks for the Grand Trunk Railway. The lower floor will have a carriage-walk, side-walks, and trolley-tracks. It is probable that these trolley-tracks will be the first to carry a trolley-car from the United States into the Dominion of Canada on its own wheels and power, one great incentive to the construction of the new arch being to afford trolley-car connection between the two countries.

Society journalism is now so well known a feature of London life that one is scarcely surprised to find so familiar a society butterfly as Mr. Robin Grey coming out as the editor of a musical paper; for music is the fashion, and was made so first and foremost by Lady de Grey, but also by the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Radnor, Lady Randolph Churchill, Theresa Lady Shrewsbury, and Lady Romney, not to mention a distinguished American lady, Mrs. Ronalds, whose Sunday afternoons are ever popular, or Mr. Alfred Rothschild, who is a host in himself, and who does so much pleasant Sunday night entertaining. All these people are interested in the *Musician*, and not only will all the highest authorities in music contribute to its pages, but Lady Randolph Churchill and other amateurs will contribute, and several new ideas are in course of development. Mr. Robin Grey is a son of the late Sir William Grey, and brother of Lady Eden, whose beauty has been perpetuated not only by Professor Herkomer, but by that eccentric genius Whistler. He is very popular in society and very much admired.

Mr. Henry Higgs, of the Secretary's Office, General Post Office, whom Mr. Hanbury has appointed as his private secretary for Post Office business, is in the prime of life, is a sterling economist, and manages to find time to be joint-editor, together with Professor Edgeworth, of the *Economic Journal*, the organ of the British Economic Association.

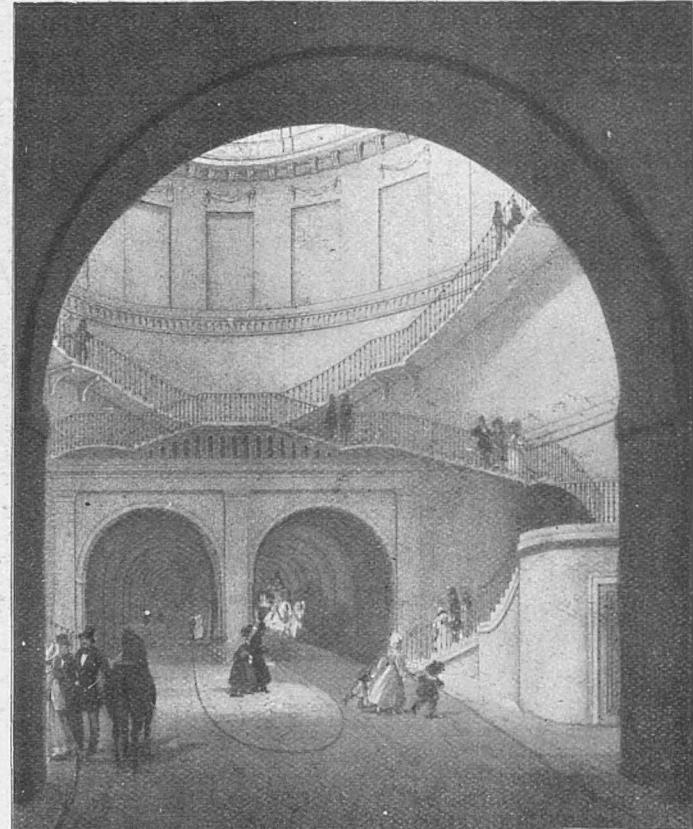
Through a German source comes this capital operatic story of the "Benjamin Trovato" genre. It relates to that fine Belgian tenor, M. Van Dyck. The legend runs that, on his appearing one day as witness in a law case, he was asked by the examining counsel, "How do

you spell your name—with a 'ek' or only a 'k'?" To this the tenor replied, "With a 'k' only; you can hear the 'e' at the opera to-night." However, to my knowledge, M. Van Dyck's name is always spelt with a 'e' in operatic prospectuses, advertisements, and newspaper criticisms.

The work of restoring the ancient Church of St. Bartholomew the Great has at length been completed by the reopening of the Lady Chapel. The chapel built by Rahere, the founder of the church in the twelfth century, has long been destroyed, and the present Lady Chapel was erected about 1410. After the dissolution of the monasteries, it came into the possession of Sir Richard Rich, the Attorney-General of Henry VIII., who converted it into a handsome dwelling-house. Much of the tracery of the windows and many of the buttresses were removed, and finally the chapel was turned into a fringe manufactory, and remained so till it was purchased by the Restoration Committee in 1885. The work of restoration has been carried out with the greatest care by the architect to the committee, Mr. Aston Webb. A number of clergy took part in the special service at the reopening of the chapel, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. Luncheon was afterwards served in the fine old hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which also owes its origin to Rahere, who was the Court Jester in the reign of Henry I.

Not much brightness or gaiety would seem to enter into the lives of the children of Bermondsey, whose only playgrounds are the streets of that very unlovely and squalid neighbourhood. But some of the workers of the Bermondsey Settlement have come to the rescue, and have established a Children's Guild of Play, which holds weekly meetings in the different Board schools. The successful work which has been accomplished by this Guild was clearly shown by the May Festival, held a few days ago in the Bermondsey Town Hall. About a hundred and fifty children—all girls—took part in the games, and presented a charming appearance in their blue-and-white cotton overalls and quaint pointed caps. The games were chiefly the old-fashioned singing-games, such as "London Bridge is Broken Down," "Round and Round the Village," and "Looby Loo," and the children entered into them with a spirit and energy that was quite delightful to watch. So much pleasure was evidently given at a very small cost of money and trouble that it is to be hoped "Guilds of Play" will be started on similar lines in other crowded neighbourhoods.

How many people who went down to Blackwall on Saturday to see the Prince of Wales open the Tunnel knew, I wonder, that it is nearly a century ago (1798) since a scheme was started for tunnelling the river between Tilbury and Gravesend. Beyond sinking one shaft nothing, however, was done. More than a quarter of a century passed, and in 1825 Mark Isambard Brunel began his historic tunnel between Wapping and Rotherhithe. It consisted of two arched brick passages, and took



ENTRANCE ON THE SOUTH SIDE TO BRUNEL'S TUNNEL.

eight years to construct. The work is memorable from the fact that it was there Brunel devised the principle of the "shield," which the late Mr. J. H. Greathead improved. Brunel, who came of an old Normandy family—he was born near Gisors—was assisted in the work by his famous son, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who designed the *Great Eastern*.

I remember the curious effect produced on me one evening last year as I strolled into a promenade concert at the Queen's Hall. As I opened the door I heard a cornet-blast, and there on the platform I saw four white-gowned maidens—the Park Sisters, Anna, Georgie, Ada, and Katibel. They are Americans, and have just returned to town after a trip homeward. Their family consists of eight brothers and sisters, each one of whom at an early age gave such signs of extraordinary promise that music was made a leading feature of their education, and they received their training at the Boston Conservatory of Music. At the beginning they played simply for their own amusement; but later, upon the death of their father, they made it their profession, appearing in most of the principal cities in the States and meeting with great success, principally because of the novelty of such an instrument as the cornet. The four whom we know—the only cornet quartette in the world, by the way—appeared before the President of "the U.S.A." as Miss Sadie Jerome would say, and at many leading society events in Boston, New York, and Washington, including a reception given at the White House. Their highest ambition then was to come to England and appear before royalty. Last year they undertook the trip, and received many flattering appointments, some days filling two and three engagements at garden parties, receptions, dinners, &c., and playing on one occasion before the Prince and Princess of Wales. After the season they were engaged at many country homes. Then they went to Paris for a short season, returning to London to fill a six weeks' engagement at the Queen's Hall, and it was there I heard them. Their reception in this country again demonstrates as clearly as anything can that, as Mr. Gillette justly pointed out on the opening night of "Secret Service," England is not a foreign country to the American artist.

Mr. Augustin Daly has a unique collection of deadhead passes. Not so very long ago actors were partly paid by being presented with a certain number of these now somewhat despised commodities, and many a great man found his tradesmen quite willing to accept tickets in lieu of payment. Many of these old passes possess a very great added value from the fact that an actor's autograph is signed across them. Among those most valued by Mr. Daly is a pass to the pit, entirely in the handwriting of Sarah Siddons; and a printed Drury Lane box-ticket, signed by Mrs. Jordan, the lovely if peccant friend of the then Duke of Clarence. The brilliant Harriet Mellon, who lived to become the Duchess of St. Albans, was generous in the matter of passes, as also was John Howard Pain, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and Macready. French actors and actresses still write out the whole of a pass in their own handwriting. Every player has his or her own fashion of obliging a friend. Miss Ellen Terry affixes a tiny monogram, "E. T."

on the Lyceum ticket. Miss Ada Rehan signs her full name across those issued at Daly's Theatre box-office.

One would certainly have thought that there was now no tribe unknown to the civilised world. An American professor, Carl Lumholtz, claims to have discovered a whole and distinctive race of human beings hitherto practically unknown to the civilised world, and some of his experiences among the Huicholes were certainly very extraordinary. The tribe, for it is little more, strongly resembles that of the Aztecs, but the Huicholes speak a language unknown in other parts of Mexico, and they live far removed from their fellows. Of course, the existence of these curious people has long been known. When Cortez came to Mexico he found traces of them, and they seem even then to have had much the same kind of religious customs which now distinguish them from the other Indian tribes. Professor Lumholtz considers it clear that at some remote period

Spanish missionaries must have settled among them, for they profess a kind of Roman Catholicism. In many ways their rule of life is monastic; marriage is regarded as a crime, and, though not actually punished, is treated as a regrettable incident, the betrothed couple being kept more or less in confinement until the arrival of the Padre, the priest who comes once a year to each village to baptise the children, and to marry those young people who have braved the disapproval of their elders by signifying their intention of setting up house together.

Man can certainly claim to be an adaptable animal, and there is scarce a corner of the world, from Central Africa to British Columbia, where lonely settlers have not endured ineradicable loneliness and hardship.

Even now there is in Labrador a wanderer who has proved himself to be callous to the most terrible amount of suffering and exposure. At last, but with much difficulty, the hunting party who had come across this strange individual in the land of snow and ice, were able to ascertain that he had originally come from Cumberland, Ohio, from whence he had disappeared two years previously without leaving any trace of his whereabouts. The American with a half-insane passion for solitude can gratify his longing by going out into the wilds. Not so his British brother. There is only one place in the United Kingdom where the latter cannot be tracked down within a very short number of days. Needless to say, that place is London, for it is more easy to lose oneself in a great city than in a forest. The "lost man of Labrador" was a nameless wanderer for two years; he refused to tell those who found him his name, and his sole earthly possession was a rusty axe, which, he said, he had picked up in some stream he had crossed. And yet, within a very few days, it was proved that without a doubt he was the Dr. Cairns who had disappeared from Ohio two years previously. Both London and Paris would have kept his secret far better.



THE SISTERS PARK, CORNET QUARTETTE.

Photo by Dana, New York.

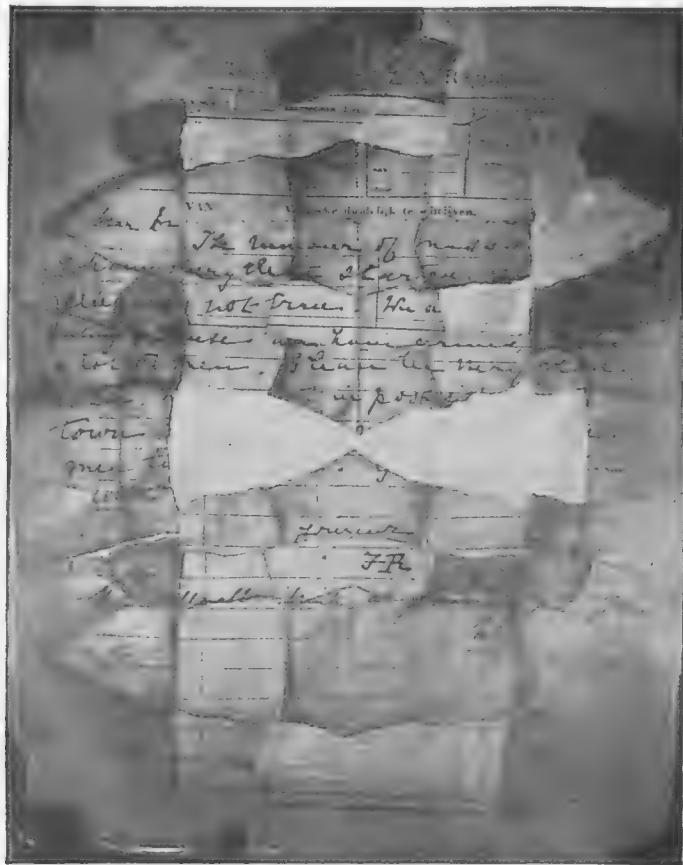
The venerable Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, has but little sympathy with the incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street, in his anxiety to obtain a license to celebrate marriages in that place of worship beloved by members of the theatrical profession; nor with those young ladies who are, his lordship supposes, so eager to enter into the bonds of wedlock that they cannot endure the delay which would be caused by a journey from Albemarle Street to Hanover Square. And yet the ever-jocular judge has associations with St. George's Chapel that should have induced him not to harden his heart against the appeal of the priestly advocate of Dan Cupid. When one of the learned counsel "believed that the chapel must be nearly a hundred years old," his lordship agreed that this must be so, for his own immediate progenitor was once the incumbent of it. Now Lord Esher, little as one might suppose it who has encountered him either on the Bench or in private life, was born in the historic year of Waterloo, and that takes us back to a period not so far distant from the century referred to by the counsel. Lord Esher's father was the Rev. Joseph George Brett, of Ranelagh, Chelsea, who was the representative of the ancient family of Wilford, on whose property the once famed Ranelagh Gardens were made, and who also had in his veins the blood of another ancient and historic house, that of Scott, of Scott's Hall, in Kent, who, I believe, traced their descent to the famous Baliol. But no family associations prevailed with the Master of the Rolls, and the maidens of Albemarle Street and its immediate neighbourhood must journey farther than St. George's Chapel for the tying of the nuptial knot.

This is the letter which Colonel Rhodes wrote to Dr. Jameson, and which was picked up on the battlefield at Doornkop after the raid. The contents of the letter, according to a statement signed by Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Major Robert White, and Colonel Raleigh Grey, were—

The rumour of massacre in Johannesburg that started you to our relief was not true. We are all right; feeling intense. We have armed a lot of men. I shall be very glad to see you. We (or the Boers) are not in possession of the town. I will bring at least, or about, 300 men to meet you at Krugersdorp. You are a gallant fellow.

According to Colonel Francis Rhodes and Mr. Lionel Phillips, the contents are as follows—

The rumour of massacre in Johannesburg that started you to our relief was not true. We are all right; feeling intense. We have armed a lot of men. Shall



LETTER FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT DOORNKOP.

Photo by Alfred Hughes, Strand.

be very glad to see you. We are not in possession of the town. We will send out some men to meet you. You are a fine fellow.

Speaking of hieroglyphics, I may say that a correspondent suggests that the last line of the Australian memorial tablet which I reproduced a fortnight ago here reads—

[REQUIES]CA[T IN PAC]E.

The Eiffel Tower and the Great Wheel are beginning to have many rivals, and it looks as if the twentieth century were to be the age of steel and iron. At the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition which has just opened the great attraction is a gigantic see-saw entirely built of steel,

and measuring a hundred feet in length, while the steel beam forming the see-saw is two hundred feet long. Up to the present these huge engineering feats have not been the cause of serious accidents; still, I cannot help feeling that there is something not altogether nerve-soothing in the thought of a see-saw which will raise big children two hundred feet from the ground. The idea of the possible "bump" were anything to go wrong is certainly not pleasant.

The bridge at Windsor, where it is proposed the Corporation should present an address of congratulation to the Queen on her return from



WINDSOR BRIDGE.
Photo by Mr. Cartland, Windsor.

London, after celebrating the Diamond Jubilee (and also from which the Corporation toll-keeper has dived and saved several lives), is the subject of a strange dispute. Mr. Taylor, a music-seller of High Street, Eton, brought an action against the Mayor and Corporation for obstructing the Queen's highway by placing a bar across the road on his refusing to pay twopence for his cab to go over the bridge, thereby making him go a long way round through Datchet and Slough, when his house was just on the other side of the bridge. The case was heard some days ago before the Lord Chief Justice, and the Court decided in favour of the Corporation.

The Burgh Commissioners of Dunoon have begun the old, hopeless battle against a happy Sunday. They have declined to let steamers plying with passengers from Glasgow to Rothesay land at their pier on the Sawbath. They apparently do not see that this sort of thing must only add to the zest of these outings—

Dunoon, Dunoon! beware of the day
When the anti-Sabbaths shall claim thee as prey,
And passenger steamers o' Sundays shall glide
With "wicked" excursionists far down the Clyde.
Right glad to be rid of the toil of the town,
The sermon, the kirk, and the minister's gown,
They'll take to the "watter" like ducks to a pond,
In spite of the grim Presbyterian bond.

Wae's me for the Bailies that govern Dunoon!
And hinder the trippers from reaching the "toon,"
What time they display their exuberant mirth
In sailing on Sawbath away on the Firth.
Alas for the crape-covered tenets of Knox!
Alack for the "ladle" and mission'ry-box!
Alack for the elder who stands at the plate,
With a look in his features of Brady and Tate,
For pennies will forthwith be spent on the fare
That takes all your citizens out in the air.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Dunoon, my vision to scorn,
Proud priest, of your Presbyter influence shorn?
Shall the spirit that fought on the Covenant side
Not fight for the right of a sail on the Clyde?
And think you the sturdy descendants of those
Who rudely declined to obey the Montrose,
Not struggle again and again to be free
To sail on the Sawbath adown to the sea?

Proud Provost, beware! bold Bailies, take heed!
Nay, lay up the claymore and rein in the steed,
For the world is alive, and the faggot and stake
Are quite as antique as the caracks of Drake.
Nor wrap thyself round in the bonnet and plaid,
And glower at this gay Sabbatarian "trade,"
For men will be glad though the coronach drone,
Though Councillors weep and though ministers moan.
The way of the Saxon will conquer the Gael
As sure as the Saxon has swallowed the kail
Sent over the Border by Crockett and Co.
While Sassenach novelists hadn't a show.
So one day excursionists boldly will land
And play on your pier with a jubilant band,
And thus having battled and lost at the game
The doughty Dunooners will welcome the same.

Lord Edward Somerset, whose death, at the early age of forty-four, from typhoid fever, was announced a few days ago, was an admirable specimen of the typical Englishman. More than common tall, well built, with a handsome, florid face, bearing a strong family likeness to his popular father, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Edward's was a figure that was familiar at most of the notable race-meetings, as well as in the hunting-field. Lord Edward was passionately fond of English sports, and an excellent authority upon many of them. The youngest of the Duke's sons, he was also, perhaps, the most akin to his ducal father in his tastes and pastimes. His death, following so closely on that of his extremely popular sister, Lady Waterford, must be a terrible blow to his parents, as well as to his widow, who was a daughter of the well-known Sir Beaumont Dixie. Lord Edward was wonderfully popular himself with all classes, and one of the best-tempered and kindest-hearted of men, always ready to do a good turn to anyone. A friend of mine, who at one time was brought a good deal into Lord Edward's company in matters of business, showed me the other day a letter which Lord Edward had taken the trouble to write to him to give him a "tip" for the Derby. "I am not very keen on anything," wrote Lord Edward, "but I don't think you will do much harm with Common." As the date of this letter was early in 1891, sportsmen will consider Lord Edward's "tip" not only a piece of good nature, but a bit of excellent advice.

What a replica of life's little ironies a hoarding may be. Think of the combination on this page, for instance. On the one hand there is Mr. Whitelaw's admirable poster of a nurse. On the same site there might well be the subject of her mission in the shape of the mangled remains of the gentleman in "Humanity" on whom the tongs-bearer is operating with so much vigour. This extraordinary play used to occupy a whole night's programme. It is now played at the halls in eighteen minutes. The advertised description of it is not a whit off the mark—"The smashing-up and entire destruction of a magnificently appointed Drawing-Room, Wreckage of Ornaments, Pier Glasses, Windows, Furniture, Brinsmead Piano—in fact, a scene of Despoilation and Demolition never before witnessed, even in the wildest of Dramas." This and the poster suggest that the piece should be called "Inhumanity."

The following story concerning the rapacity of a certain American "gentleman" has just been told to me by a well-known Englishman who has lately travelled very widely in the United States. Wishing to avoid the pestering attentions of the newspaper-interviewer, he travelled



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incognito for over a month. It so happened, however, that while on the train running from Detroit to Chicago he met an American whom he mistook for a gentleman. The Yankee proved so affable generally that within a few hours the two became very friendly, and he ended by asking the Englishman to his house. The latter then thought it was the gentlemanly thing to divulge his real identity, which I shall call Alfred Brown. Two days after their arrival in Chicago, five newspaper-reporters called at the Englishman's hotel and asked to see "Mr. Jones." "Now, look here, Mr. Jones," they began, all talking together, "you are not Jones at all; your name is Brown—you are the notorious Mr. Brown from England, and we want a three-column interview out of you now right straight away." "Indeed," he replied, "I fear that you are mistaken. True it is that I am an Englishman, but my name is Jones—John Jones, and I am in no way famous, I regret to say." "I guess there's no mistake. You are Brown—Alfred Brown, the English . . . and we want these three columns out of you right now. We shall write them, anyway; so you had better tell us what we want to know, or they'll be nasty." Mr. Brown had at last to admit the truth, finding, to his disgust, that his train-companion had gone right to the newspaper-offices and sold the secret to each of them for fifty dollars. He made two hundred and fifty dollars—that is, fifty pounds.

In one painful episode of the Paris fire "the long arm of coincidence" seems to have exerted an influence as fatal as that of the "ice-cold metal hand" in "John Gabriel Borkman." One of the victims was the Marquise d'Argence, whose husband had lost both his parents in like manner at the Opéra Comique calamity ten years ago.



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I learn that Mr. George Street has resigned the post of dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Street intends to spend some time in the country, and devote himself to literary work. This is a loss to the cultured side of journalism; but Mr. Street's books have so much original humour and observation that more of them will compensate us for his absence from the theatre. The author of "The Wise and the Wayward" has a considerable field which he ought to cultivate with marked success.

Who is the mysterious student I see at the play with a book in his hand? It has nothing to do with the scene, but his eyes are rarely raised from its pages to the unfortunate actors who are striving to attract his attention. The other evening he sat in the front row of the stalls, where he must have been conspicuous to everybody on the stage. At first I thought he might be one of the authors of the new drama, striving to hide his agitation. But no; both those gentlemen came before the curtain, and interested him not in the least. One rumour has it that he is a dramatic critic. If this is so, the intelligence which can be absorbed in a book while the play is going on is obviously of no common order. I yearn to know his name, that I may transcribe it for posterity. Still, the self-control of the actors who refrain from throwing something at him is much to their credit.

Miss Mary Campbell Mackenzie (daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie), who has recently been playing Princess Flavia in one of Mr. Abud's "Prisoner of Zenda" companies on tour, is now appearing with success as the Player Queen in Mr. Ben Greet's careful revival of "Hamlet," at the Olympic. Her father was one of the most interested spectators of Miss Mackenzie's very promising performance on the first night of the season.

Mr. Leslie Kenyon, who is now appearing with such success as Dr. Brooke in "The Physician," has only recently returned from a tour in South Africa.

Though he now appears to-day in a character-part, cleverly played, he is also a very excellent comedian. He has played and succeeded equally in such parts as Felix Roach in "The New Boy," Wilding in "Captain Swift," the Laird in "Trilby," Lord Bletchley in "A Woman's Reason," and Dick Phenyl in "Sweet Lavender." Other parts in which he has been almost as successful have been Hummingtop in "The Arabian Nights," Sir John Harding in "The Idler," and old Todman in "Liberty Hall." Mr. Kenyon spent six seasons with Mr. Edward Terry in London and the provinces, and would have gone round the world with him had the arrangements been completed.

and he has also scored in two productions at the Royalty Theatre. His first engagement was with Miss Louise Moodie.

The advertised conclusion of the eight months' run of "Two Little Vagabonds" must by no means be taken to infer the disappearance of Sims and Shirley's successful adaptation from the acting repertory in London. In the country no doubt this touching melodrama will hold the boards for a very long time, and the firm of Hardie and Von Leer, who possess the rights, have a "sure thing" in the stage career of Dick and Wally.

Apropos of the short season of Eleonora Duse at the Renaissance, a singularly thoughtful "appreciation" of the great Italian actress has appeared in the *Gaulois*. Duse is well contrasted with Sarah Bernhardt, her superficial resemblance to Desclée is noted in passing, and the method of this fine artist on the boards is concisely summed in pithy phrases, of which may be given as an example: "Elle oublie qui elle était pour savoir simplement qui elle est." The searching piece of critical analysis here mentioned appeared over the signature of "Tout-Paris."

A correspondent, who declares that *The Sketch* is "the one cheerful element" in his dyspeptic existence, writes that in the lowest part of East Greenwich there is "a filthy little court, about four feet wide, called Ibsen Place."

It's true that Mr. Clement Scott
Has said that Ibsen's plays are rot,
And yet his angry words do not
The seer efface.
That Master Builder is (it's clear)
The greatest anti-Ibseneer
Who dumped "The Doll's House" down in drear-
y Ibsen Place.

A most interesting performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" took place recently at Longford, in the county of which name Oliver Goldsmith was born. Furthermore, the scene of "She Stoops to Conquer" was laid at Ardgagh House, which is only a few miles distant from the town, and this special performance was under the patronage of the Rev. Sir

George Ralph Fetherston, to whose eponymous ancestors poor "Noll" Goldsmith had referred in dedicating his still famous comedy. Thus many circumstances combined to make this representation remarkably attractive to Longford playgoers.

The *Booksellers' Review* is designed as a "practical journal for the trade," but it has interest for everybody who cares for literature at all.

Its notices are crisply done, and it is readable from cover to cover. The editor, Mr. David Stott, is an old friend of mine, and I wish him every success in this journalistic venture of his.

Mr. Joseph Wilson, who has made a great hit as the comic Tar in "The French Maid," at Terry's Theatre, was born in Dublin, but was educated at the Islington Proprietary School (where the Bishop of London was once Head Master). Being intended for a commercial life, he was apprenticed to an old firm on Tower Hill, and during his City life was in great request as an amateur actor as well as being a member of the choir of St. Botolph's, and studying singing under Mr. Albert of Music. His first engagement (in 1885) was with Miss Mary Anderson, with whom he played Amiens in "As You Like It," and sang the incidental songs, opening with her at Stratford-on-Avon, and touring later. He came to the Opéra Comique for the run of "On Change," and then "went out" in "Glamour," "Dorothy," and "The Squire," after which he joined the Conway-Farren company for old English comedy, making successes in such parts as Hastings, Careless (with song), Cool, and Faulkland. Then came long tours in the provinces and on the Continent as Tony in "My Sweetheart," various engagements at the Vaudeville, Royalty, and other theatres, tours in Charles Hawtry's part in "The Pickpocket" and "A Night Off"; and he was the original Vizier in "Morocco Bound" in the provinces, playing the part for three tours, after which he went into "Go Bang" and then created his present part. Mr. Wilson has been "through the mill" steadily and played every description of part, from Shakspere down to music-hall sketches, and, though he has never played a sailor before, he was very successful as a soldier, Private Manners of the Grenadier Guards, his original part in "The Solicitor," and, as well as appearing in numerous pantomimes, he once had a very enjoyable tour with the Vokes Family.

Miss Kate Talby, the Lady Hawser of "The French Maid," comes to us with the stamp of the Savoy upon her, for she has served in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's companies for the past ten or twelve years. A Londoner by birth, she is the first of her family to adopt the profession, and went on the stage when she was twenty years of age. For the first five she served a useful apprenticeship as a chorister in the Savoy operas (on tour), at the same time doing the principal contralto understudying, and after that, for the past eight years, she has been principal contralto in the chief provincial companies, as well as having

been four times to America and once to Germany. She played one of the ugly sisters in "Cinderella" with great success under Sir Augustus Harris, and has only just returned from a pantomime engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Miss Talby is devoted to animals and sport.

The symptoms of summer are innumerable. One of them is the appearance of Andrew Thomson's "Yachting Guide for 1897."



MR. DAVID STOTT.

Photo by Hells, Regent Street, W.



MR. LESLIE KENYON.



MISS KATE TALBY.

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

Few romances in the peerage are so wonderful as that of Jane Maxwell, who married the fourth Duke of Gordon. The daughter of a plain Wigton baronet—the ancestor of Sir Herbert Maxwell—she married three of her five daughters to dukes (Richmond, Bedford, and Manchester), one to a marquis, and one to a baronet; while for her only surviving son, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, she raised the Gordon Highlanders. Her career is fully dealt with in an elaborately illustrated article in the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The descendants of these five Gordon girls are represented by a very large number of noble families to-day, so that Jane, Duchess of Gordon, is the great-grandmother of the Dukes of Abercorn and Richmond and the Marquis of Tweeddale, while the Duke of Manchester is her great-great-great-grandson. Mr. Clark Russell continues in the *English Illustrated* his readable Life of Nelson. There are articles on Mr. Massingham, and Mr. Laurier, the Canadian Premier. Mr. Lang deals with Mr. Henley's Burns. Byron and the Greeks form the subject of topical interest, and, in addition to other features, there are stories by Mary Wilkins and Morley Roberts.

Kind Fate having taken me to Paris (writes a correspondent), I sat in a corner of the *Café de la Paix* with a native Parisian; we took coffee and discussed creation. The afternoon was fine, all Paris was in the streets; I think I saw La Belle Otéro drive past. Soon a cohort of rag-muffins invaded the boulevards with the last édition of *Le Jour*. My friend stayed a panting gamin, produced a French penny, and took his five centimes change. I stared a bit, for the boy was so poorly clad that a profit on the paper might have been looked for. "We are very different from you Londoners," remarked my friend, guessing my unspoken thought; "our poor have a code of honour—they work for their living. If I had offered that paper-boy the change, he would have told me that he worked for his living, and did not beg. I should have insulted him with the gratuity." I said nothing, but thought a great deal. Some half-hour later the same boy repassed. I bought a copy of his paper, and gave him twen'ty centimes so ostentatiously that my friend could not fail to see me. There was a grin, the first syllable of *merci* and the last of *monsieur*, and the gamin turned the corner, probably rushing to invest the fortune before the banks closed. I looked round to my companion, anticipating a remark. "You will see," he said, turning to *Le Jour*, after a moment's silence that might have been felt, "that Greece is now suffering the penalties of her rashness and folly." At another restaurant I dined with a Frenchman and an Englishman. I do not give the name of the restaurant because I paid for the

dinner, and the profit accruing to the proprietor was large enough without an advertisement. However, I freely forgive and forget the long price in consideration of one delightful little episode. My English friend speaks French with an accent and an inaccuracy quite insular, and all waiters suffering from heart-disease and weak nerves were kept away from our table. At last my friend wanted a half-bottle of choice claret to digest his fruit, and gave so extraordinary an order that the waiter was surprised out of his native tongue and called out, "Vat you say, sir, a demi vat?" Then my home-bred companion gave it up, and referred the waiter to the wine-list, while the combined amusement and politeness of the Frenchman nearly brought him a fit of apoplexy, and I found something exceedingly amusing at a

neighbouring table and laughed till I cried. My English friend then remarked it was a pity that French waiters did not know their own language.

Writing critically, and with a full sense of responsibility, I must record the fact that Marseilles does not come up to the standard of the town we meet in the first tableau of the "Monte Cristo" ballet. The Château d'If is an insignificant place—at any rate, as seen from the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, the most picturesque and highest point of view in the district. I looked all over the quay at Marseilles for the pretty fisher-boy girls whose habitat is the Empire stage, but I saw no familiar face, and my disappointment would have melted the heart of a brass monkey. I don't believe there is a pretty girl in Marseilles; they don't wear the dainty dresses of Wilhelm; they do not dance to such sweet music as my good friend Leopold Wenzel writes. For hours I wandered through the busy docks, asking elderly fish-ladies if the *corps de ballet* was to be seen anywhere. Some smiled, others said they



THE LAST DUKE OF GORDON.

From the Painting by George Sanders.

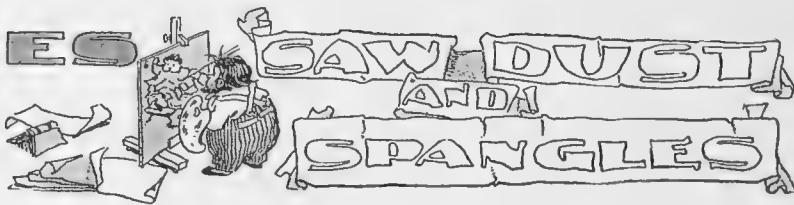
didn't understand, one or two said things that were better left unsaid, or, at least, untranslated. Marseilles has not yet found its Katti Lanner, nor its Cavallazzi, to say nothing of its Empire. Truly, it is better to spend a night in the Marseilles directed by Mr. Tennant in Leicester Square, than to spend a week in the original. I write with authority, for have I not sampled both?

I note that Miss Lydia Thompson has latterly been touring with Mr. Edward Terry's company, playing, in Louis N. Parker and E. J. Goodman's delightful comedy "Love in Idleness," the part of the elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Trott, originally performed by Miss Kate Mills. This shows the force of the whirligig of time indeed in the player's progress!

THE DUMPIES

FRANK YER: I ALBERT BICE:
COVERED: I HISTORIAN:

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]



One beautiful May morning in the Land of Low Mountains, Dumpling the King sent for Wiseacre the sage. A little later a hurried message was sent for the Goose, who appeared panting and fussing with the exertion and haste of coming.

"You have been a great traveller," said Wiseacre. "Tell his Majesty what you have seen in foreign lands in the way of amusements for the people."

The Goose, who had by this time grown very fat, thereupon squatted down before the Dumpling, and, after several prostrations, stated that at this season of the year he had more than once noticed curious games played by animals and people in a ring covered with sawdust, and that he had seen the same set forth in numerous places by many coloured

By-and-by the happy day comes in Dumpy Land, All is now in readiness just as they had planned; Bands of music everywhere marching to the show— Everybody anxious to perform

just
so.

In the sawdust ring at last, capering about, Through the gay and grand entrée, weaving in and out, Dumpling-ee and Dumpling, in their royal chairs, Weeping tears of laughter at the six

cub
bears.

Ground and lofty tumbling now fills the crowd with joy; Commodore endeavours to compete with Jolly-boy;



Both are very short of breath, both are very fat— Everybody merry when they come

down
flat.

Trick and fancy riding then occupies the crowd— Mr. Goose, the manager, cracks his whip aloud; Highland fling and change-and-swing, round and round they go, Everybody trying hard to "jump

Jim
Crow."



Through a paper-covered hoop hurtles Jolly-boy, While Sir 'Possum, as the clown, rings a bell with joy; Tipsy-loo and Terrapin, standing close at hand, Patronise the Owl, who runs a pea-

nut
stand.

Thus they held their circus in the merry month of May; Thus the show continued till the closing of the day, Everyone declaring that the Goose had done it brown, Everybody happy when the sun

went
down.



Merry-wink and Sober-sides practising on drums To perform at the performance when the great day comes.

Rabbit and Sir 'Possum and the Turtle in a row Having a rehearsal for the opening of the show— Big bears and little bears training day and night, Everybody bound to have the thing

go
right.



A POLO-PONY FARM.

Photographs by the Universal Photo Company, Furnival Street, Holborn.

Polo-ponies, like poets, are rarely born; but, unlike poets, they can be made, and it is the business of the polo-pony farmer to make them. Sometimes he breeds, but for the most part he buys, and takes his chance of converting the raw material he picks up into a pony good enough to play at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. A really first-rate polo-pony must be richly endowed by nature to begin with; he must possess speed, staying power, "bone," and pluck, be handy enough to "turn on sixpence," and up to thirteen stone at least. Inasmuch as an establishment like Mr. Muriel's, at Lowfield Heath, in Sussex, is one where ponies are prepared for their career, it may be compared to a school, with which, indeed, it has something in common, and in at least one respect Mr. Muriel may be compared to a successful "crammer," as he will keep no pony which, after patient trial—sometimes extending to twelve months—does not promise to do him credit. Sometimes he acquires a pony which knows something about polo, but the majority of his new pupils, though broken to saddle, are comprehensively ignorant of the noble game, and must be taught step by step. The education bestowed on a polo-pony is quite the highest open to any equine outside the circus-ring, and between the animal warranted "quiet to ride" and the finished scholar capable of carrying a player in the inter-regimental or county tournament, the gulf is wide as that between the third-form boy and the Senior Wrangler. You may buy a pony which promises to be worth educating for polo for any sum between £20 and £40; the height of such must not exceed 14 hands 2 in., to meet the new regulations (which, by the way, every player hopes will be strictly enforced), and his make and shape must promise above all things strength, speed, and handiness. Make him; and if a famous player, like one of the Messrs. Miller, of Rugby, give him a character, you may confidently expect to sell him at Tattersall's for any sum between 150 and 300 guineas, or even more. Only the other day Lord Kensington gave 510 guineas for a splendid polo-pony called Fizzer, the property of Captain Elliston, of the 9th Lancers. The ponies on which Mr. Muriel has been bestowing an education are ready for their career, and every one looks like a miniature hunter prepared for a long season. A polo-pony must be in hard condition, for a fast ten minutes in a well-fought match really takes more out of an animal than would a three-mile steeplechase.

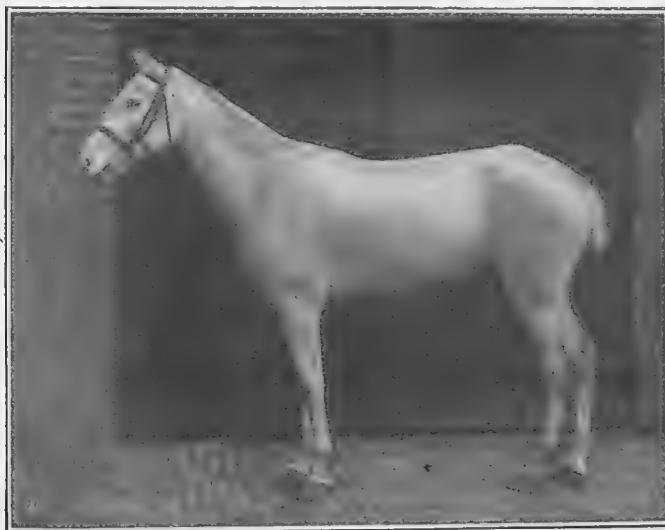
The first thing to be done with a new arrival is to "give him a mouth," if, as is generally the case, he has not brought that essential with him. A good horseman takes him in hand, and exercises him every

shape of a stick with punishment. It frightens him at first, even when carried steadily across the saddle-bow, or swung gently at his shoulder; but if he is to be a polo-pony, he must learn to gallop and turn and stop without the quiver of an ear, as the stick comes sweeping up past his nose or round under his neck, belly, or behind him, near side or off, aimed at an imaginary ball. For he never sees a ball until he has learned to regard any and every movement of the stick with perfect indifference. The ball is a terror to some ponies: they flatly refuse to go near it, stopping dead or shying off a couple of lengths away; or they yield to persuasion and acquire a knack exasperating to the trainer, but maddening to the player, of jumping at the critical moment, whereby the stick-head misses the ball by inches. A ball-shy pony may be cured by leaving a ball in his loose-box, where he acquires the habit, born of enforced idleness, of nosing it about and playing with it. He must be cured of his antipathy by some means, and the means must be gentle; until the pupil can be depended on to race past the ball, still or moving, without a tremor he is not worth his keep for polo. The stick-and-ball practice is a phase of the training which calls for more than ordinary care, as an accidental blow from stick or ball may undo the work of weeks. The pony whose education is a joy to his teacher is the courageous, well-bred, and intelligent beast who is not afraid of trifles. Now and again among these you find a jewel, who learns at once what is

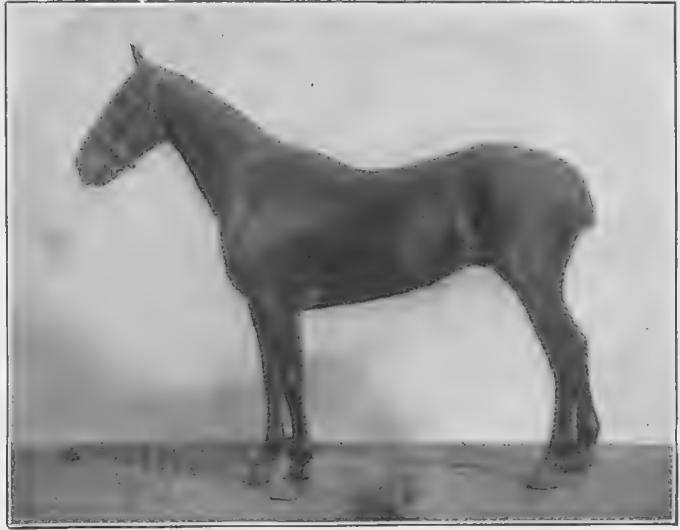
required of him; who follows the flying ball without a hint from the rider, stops dead at a back-hand stroke and turns like a flash of light. This is the born polo-pony; he is supposed to really enjoy the game, and it does look as though he at least took an interest in it. The "bending course" furnishes a necessary change of work in the pony's curriculum; this consists of a row or ring of wands, planted eight yards apart, and he is sent first at a trot (there is not much trotting work in his education), then at a canter, and finally at as fast as he can go, along this course, passing the wands on the right and left alternately. This is the most approved method of making him quick and handy. A sufficiency of work on the bending course teaches him to gallop collectedly, so that he may turn at a touch of the leg right or left. When he can take the course at a fair pace, the pony might be pardoned for thinking he has learned all that is required of him; but he has not. Hitherto he has had stick-and-ball practice alone, or with one or two other ponies; his manners, under these conditions, have been all his trainer could wish. Before he can be passed as a polo-pony, however, he must play in a game and show that the rush and scurry of half-a-dozen ponies passing and repassing at speed does not upset him. If he be not temperate in a game, if he get excited and pull or bolt, there is little hope that he will ever be a desirable



A LESSON ON THE BENDING COURSE.



A TYPICAL PONY.



READY FOR RANELAGH.

day, paying special attention to his mouth. If the pony has been in the hands of some mutton-fisted butcher's boy, he has much to unlearn, even if his mouth has not been spoiled altogether. If it has been spoiled, his education stands still until he has learned to obey the lightest pressure of his rider's leg, for it is the leg far more than the rein on which he must learn to depend for guidance. When the trainer is satisfied with the progress made, he promotes the pupil to stick-practice. He mounts, polo-stick in hand, and sets to work to accustom the pony to the novelty. An alarming novelty it is to most, and particularly to those whose previous experience has taught them to associate everything in the

mount in a match, and he need not be surprised if he finds himself relegated to the sale-yard, "dismissed without a character."

Lest mention of the large prices obtainable for good ponies should mislead the small capitalist of horsey proclivities on the look-out for a pleasant and certain path to fortune, it may be well to add that no polo-pony farmer has yet built a house in Park Lane or started a racing-stable on the profits. The number of polo-players is comparatively small, and the expenses contingent must confine that number within strict limits; moreover, recent years have seen increased endeavour to breed ponies true to type, and they will probably become much cheaper.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XXV.—ALEXANDER GARDNER OF PAISLEY.

Historical research has not yet discovered for certain what meaning, if any, Lord Beaconsfield attached to his cryptic phrase, "Keep your eye on Paisley." But Paisley folk—they love to call themselves folk, while the rest of Scotland styles them "bodies"—have done much to attract

the attention of many sorts of people and to save themselves from being slumped in general indifference or oblivion as dull plodding provincials—and Scotch at that. Paisley is the fount and origin of the royal Stuarts, for Walter Fitz-Alan, the founder of that house, owned it when it emerged into the light of history in the twelfth century. Walter founded the Clugniac Priory, part of which, having survived English assaults-at-arms and Reformation vandalism, stands, as the Abbey Church—and ruins—to remind Paisley that it does not owe everything, even in architecture, to cotton-thread. When the world turns its eye on modern Paisley, one fears that it sees nothing but thread, just as, half a century ago, the acquisition of a gorgeously figured shawl, then the staple

manufacture, would move the inquisitive Englishwoman to ask, "Where is Paisley?" But thread-making, colossal as its dimensions are, and vastly profitable as it has been to the town, not merely in furnishing steady employment, but in the endowment of splendid buildings and public institutions, on which Coatses and Clarks have spent lavishly their accumulated wealth, has really vulgarised the place. It was the forerunner—forbear, as the Scots have it—of thread-spinning, namely, weaving, that gave Paisley its character, infected it with a savour of intellectualism which the factories have not snuffed out, and made it possible for such a phenomenon as the house of Alexander Gardner, publisher, to be in a little, huddled, manufacturing Scottish town, lying under the shadow of the Second City of the Empire, and seeming, to the casual observer, as unlikely to be bookish as it is manifestly a patchwork of noble architecture and mean streets. The Paisley weavers, like all old-time weavers before the power-loom, worried theology and polities at their work and in their dear-bought leisure. Independency of an uncompromising kind and hard-shell Baptistry nourished acute thinking and a heritable interest in the things that do not pertain to the flesh. Hence Christopher North (though he loved oysters and punch), Paisley's greatest son; hence Tanahill, the poet whom Paisley loves almost as well as Burns, for that he was born on the banks of the Cart. Hence the rise in Paisley, in modern times, of a publishing house which, within a comparatively brief period, has made for itself a reputation that is almost unique in some departments of literature.

Mr. Gardner comes of Covenanting stock. He is the son of that "Gardner of Paisley," whose name on the title-pages of Bibles, catechisms, and religious reprints was, earlier in the century, familiar all over Scotland and the North of Ireland. Alexander Gardner has a wider range and a larger ambition. Nationalism runs strong in his native town, which is true Scots, in its multiplicity of churches *plus* a racecourse, in the dourness and persistency of its Radicalism, and in the fact that it allows the other world—that which is not Paisley—to honour its leading publisher more than it does itself. Mr. Gardner's line is distinctively Scottish, and young as his house is, it stands in the first rank of those which have discovered the true *métier* of the extra-metropolitan publisher and work the rich field of their congenital literature. He took high ground from the start. One of his first productions was a splendid and classic edition of "Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language," for which he chose a *format* which he has made his own, and which stamped him as a man of taste and an artist in typography. Mr. Gardner has a decided bent to history and archaeology. He took up the succession to those Clubs, such as the Bannatyne, the Roxburgh, the Spalding—resuscitated in the New Spalding—which have done the bulk of the work of Scottish historical research. In the "New Club Series" he published a remarkable *corpus* of this class of literature. Cosmo Innes—with all his prejudices, the man who saw most clearly and surely into the Scotland of the past—edited for him "The Registrum Monasterii de Passelet." "The Black Book of Paisley and other Manuscripts of the Seotichronicon" was edited by David Murray, a noted Scottish antiquary. Bibliophiles were charmed with "The Buke of the Howlat," an exceedingly beautiful reprint of the Bannatyne Club edition, by Dr. Laing; and equally fine is a photolithographic reproduction of the rare 1682 edition of "Forbes's Cantus, Songs and Fancies." In the same series is a new edition of Chalmers's "Caledonia," with a seventh volume containing the hitherto unpublished manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Hagiology is represented by these two classics, Dr. Metcalfe's "Ancient Lives of the Scottish Saints"—an accurate and readable translation of the Latin



MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.
Photo by Brown, Paisley.

"Lives"—and the same scholar's revised and enlarged edition of "Pinkerton's Lives of the Scottish Saints," in which scholars recognise, not without gratitude, that there is more of Metcalfe than of Pinkerton.

From Scottish hagiology to the literature of Greece is no farther a cry than, say, from Ancient to Modern Athens. It was a Scottish professor (Blackie) who insisted, in season and out, on the necessity of studying Modern Greek as a guide to the understanding of the language of Socrates and Thucydides, and a Scottish University (St. Andrews) has established a lectureship in that language. So Mr. Gardner has published the Rev. S. G. Hatherly's "Treatise on Byzantine Music," the Marquess of Bute's translation of Demetrios Bikelas' "Seven Essays on Christian Greece," and the Rev. W. Metcalfe's translation of the late Dr. A. G. Paspati's important work, "The Great Palace of Constantinople." He has cultivated the scholar as well as the general reader by his editions of the Scottish poets, old and new. His "Hogg" and "Allan Ramsay" are standards; so is his new edition of Buchan's "Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland"; and he has been *accoucheur* to many a song of that mighty and disproportionate army of Scottish poets who sing, partly because they must, partly because their country is beautiful and its sentiment deep, if only revealed in verse, partly in protest against the grinding industrialism which is crushing out the character of the nation. Not the least of his achievements was the inception of the *Scottish Review*, which now looks back on a life of nearly twenty years, and, under the editorship of Dr. Metcalfe, easily holds its place among the quarterlies. Scotland is the birthplace of this class of periodical literature. But it is many a day since the *Edinburgh* was written exclusively by "Scotch reviewers," and maintained the critical balance, against Murray's *Quarterly*, between the two capitals. Periodicals, like brains, gravitate to the Metropolis, and it is much harder in these days to set on foot a Scottish weekly, monthly, or quarterly, as many failures have proved, than it is to decentralise the publishing trade. *Blackwood* still preserves a Caledonian bias, but it stands alone. The *Scottish Review* has never been wholly, or even preponderantly, Scotch in its articles. Chief among its editor's aims from the beginning was to present to his readers a quarterly *résumé* of the original work of Continental scholars—an anticipation of Stead—and this summary of the foreign periodicals is a permanent feature of the *Review*. It has no politics and no denominationalism; it is by many degrees lighter than its elder brethren, and it does not suppress the names of its contributors. It is catholic in its range of subjects as well as in its selection of writers, and so it has been saved from that parochialism which might, in weaker hands and under less enlightened direction, have been its damnation. Its success is nothing short of phenomenal, and it is a great thing to come out of Paisley. The doings of Alexander Gardner would be imperfectly chronicled if no reference were made to his culture of the modern Scottish novel. He did not discover Crockett or Watson, but he has on his list the names of novelists whom Scotsmen at least consider to have quite as firm a grip of the national character. He has in the press just now "The Secretar," a novel by William Beattie, dealing with that best-beloved (by Scots) of historical mysteries, the story of the "Casket Letters," a story of hiding and seeking and fighting, after the manner of "Micah Clarke." Mr. Gladstone once spoke of one of the "bodies" as "Paisley's enlightened citizen," and if you find Mr. Gardner in his sanctum in Seestu, and put it to him straight, he will not deny the soft impeachment that he is the man.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Hardinge Stanley Giffard, Baron Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor of England, enjoys the honour of having broken a tradition. From time immemorial it has been pretended that no Old Bailey practitioner would ever sit on the Woolsack, and yet it is well known that at the Central Criminal Court and the Middlesex Sessions—the haunts of the "good Judge" in Mr. Gilbert's famous "Trial by Jury" song—the now Lord Chancellor was one of the most successful attendants. In fact, he actually enjoyed the honour of being Junior-Prosecuting Counsel to the Treasury. After this, imitating the French phrase, one may say that the humblest aspirant for "soup" carries a Woolsack in the fantastic pocket that decorates his stuff gown. His lordship was sixty years of age when appointed Keeper of the Queen's Conscience. He took his B.A. at Merton in 1852, and M.A. three years later. In 1850 he was called by the Inner Temple—"the rich man's inn," according to the popular but somewhat inexact rhyme. He joined the North Wales and Chester Circuit, and comparatively soon enjoyed a large practice both in county and town. In 1865 he took silk and became a Bencher of his Inn. Politics attracted him, and in the Conservative interest he made two attacks on Cardiff unsuccessfully. In 1877 he was elected by Launceston. In 1875, under Lord Disraeli's Administration, he was appointed Solicitor-General. Ten years after, the greatest honour possible for a lawyer was conferred on him, for he was appointed Lord High Chancellor—an appointment which, at the time, caused much surprise and no little discussion—and created Baron Halsbury. He remained in office till 1892, when, under the Liberal Government, Lord Herschell took his place. Three years later, on the advent of the present Government, Baron Halsbury was reappointed. In the House of Lords, where most of his judicial work is done, his lordship has distinguished himself by the simple common-sense of his judgments, which are lucid, if not exactly profound. He is an excellent, if hardly brilliant, public speaker, and has been of no little service to the party which has rewarded him almost royally.



BARON HALSBURY, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The alleged romance of Goldsmith's life, whether or not it ever existed, was sure to be used in fiction some time or other. It may not mean the best of fortunes for the story that it should have been chosen by the clever and vivacious, but not always sympathetic, Mr. Frankfort Moore. Yet the subject has had a softening effect on his manner. It is good for him to admire, and the poet and Mary Horneck call out his admiration and his tenderness as none of the fictitious characters in his other novels have ever done. Someone he must have to flout and sneer at, and Johnson and Boswell serve the purpose of butts. Once in a while a castigation of the insolence of the "great lexicographer" is not unwelcome; and perhaps no one loves Bozzy well enough to feel indignant at the treatment allotted to him, unjust though it is; for if he had not a noble nature, yet was he no fool. Mr. Moore's "Jessamy Bride" (Hutchinson) is founded, of course, on a passage in Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," which tells that Mary Horneck had no declared lover till a year after her friend the poet's death, and that she exerted a strange fascination over him. "Heaven knows," said his biographer, "what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward, unattractive man of letters!" Washington Irving expanded the hint, and treated it as an ascertained fact, for which he was duly reproved by Forster in a later edition of the Life. But such reproofs do not touch a novelist; and if "The Jessamy Bride" be not Goldsmith's possible romance told to perfection, it reveals Mr. Moore in a softer and saner and pleasanter mood than we have ever known him in before.

The "English Portraits," a series of lithographed drawings which Mr. Grant Richards has been announcing for some time, begin excellently with Mr. Will Rothenstein's impressions of Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It is true that the latter looks like a lanky giant, and his glance out on the world is a trifle too sardonic. But Mr. Rothenstein has not lost sight of the individuality of his subject, as Mr. Strang so strangely did; and, of course, the workmanship is delightful. Who is responsible for the letterpress, which is modelled on the elliptical biographies in *Vanity Fair*? "Mr. Hardy is a Dorsetshire man pushed to the point of genius" is a sample of the English language pushed to the point of nonsense.

Judging from the number of books on the subject, one of the most favourite studies of the present day is that of the life of white men in uncivilised communities, and of black men who have come into contact with Western habits and are being "reformed" out of their own evil ways into something a good deal worse. Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Basil Thomson, and a host of others, have presented us with these double pictures through the medium of fiction or of personal narratives. Mr. Hugh Clifford's "In Court and Kampong" (Richards), the newest book of the kind, contains tales and sketches of native life in the Malay Peninsula. The Peninsula has been much interfered with; Mr. Clifford himself has had a hand in the meddling which has for its object the crushing "into twenty years the revolutions in facts and in ideas which, even in energetic Europe, six long centuries have been needed to accomplish." But there are places, particularly on the East Coast, where the Malay has been let alone. The native element still predominates there; and there "the lover of things as they are, and ought not to be, may find a dwelling among an unregenerate and more or less uncivilised people whose customs are still unsullied by European vulgarity." His tales, which are mainly of this sturdy remnant, who have vigour and character and picturesqueness, though they grow weedy and backboneless when taken care of and policed and instructed by Western governors and philanthropists, are excellent—such as could only be told by a man of humour and of sympathy and freedom from prejudice. The best of all is but semi-human—"The Were-Tiger." This is the story of Haji Ali, the respectable, prosperous trader. He married a beautiful young wife, and was kind to her; yet, three days later, she beat at the door of her parents' house; they might "hang her on high, sell her in a far land, scorch her with the sun's rays, immerse her in water, burn her with fire, but never again would she return to one who hunted by night as a were-tiger." There is an awful sequel to the story, and an explanation mockingly offered to the European mind which in noways fits the circumstances. The tale is one of the weirdest versions of the legend of the Loup Garou I have ever come across. His last chapter will go to the hearts of many Englishmen who have known the terrors of solitude in remote places of the earth. It describes the process by which a stranger comes to love the East, if ever he does love it—a process beginning in distaste, in prejudice, misunderstanding, loneliness, and boredom, till he is driven to take the difficult step of making overtures to the natives on their terms, since they can make none to him. Then he learns daily, reading in a new book of human nature, till three-parts of him become native, and thenceforward he is happy, even if he is degenerate. The uprooting is a pain, and, go where he will in after-days, the voice of the jungle sounds in his ears. He is never quite sane again.

Bulwer is being taken seriously again. His "Harold" has been issued by Messrs. Archibald Constable in handsome form, with a very learned introduction and notes by Mr. G. L. Gomme, and with illustrations of archaeological rather than romantic interest. The editor has not held up the novel merely to show us how cleverly he can knock down the structure by the weapons of modern investigation. He bears witness to its "research" and its "sustained fidelity to fact." Yet it was written in less than a month! But a life of study lay behind it.

Among the many cheap and charming reprints of the literature that has lasted, Mr. Rhys's "Lyric Poems of Beaumont and Fletcher" (Dent) should not be overlooked. For weeping or for fooling there have been few more graceful singers than John Fletcher, and, in spite of all the years of his fame, there comes a breath of youth from his lines as you turn his pages.

o. o.

HORS D'OEUVRES

The South African problem seems to be taking a turn for the better. Some of the more obnoxious laws of the Transvaal are being repealed, some of the more patent breaches of the Convention recalled or explained away. And yet the movement of troops to the Cape continues, and the British fleets are much in evidence about Delagoa Bay. So that some of these modern apostles of peace, who have just helped to bring on a particularly unnecessary war, maintain that our Colonial Secretary is plotting an onslaught on the guileless Boer, or, at least, intends to provoke that immaculate saint into losing his Christian temper. Others, of the Jingo persuasion, again, declare that the course of events shows that Mr. Kruger will only yield to threats of force, and that the moral is, that force may be threatened to any extent, and Boers will always submit if there is power apparent to carry out the menace.

But with neither of these conclusions can a sensible observer agree. The despatch of British troops to the Cape is necessary to secure tranquillity. As between the Dutch and English elements, the great danger of a dispute has lain in the fact that, while the British colonists had British power as an ultimate reserve behind them, the apparent balance of military force was largely in favour of the Transvaal. The ridiculous vapourings of a Transvaal official about eighty thousand Boers ready to fight, may be dismissed as obvious and empty brag; but probably the South African Republic could muster twenty thousand well-armed men, to which the Orange Free State and the Dutch Afrikanders elsewhere could add another ten thousand. To meet these, there were, till lately, only some five or six thousand Imperial troops.

Now, although for an aggressive war of invasion the Boer farmers would not probably cross their borders in anything like full force, yet even fifteen thousand would be able to eat up the garrisons, or at least blockade them. We know, and British colonists know, that a Boer success would be short-lived; that a month or two would bring twenty or thirty thousand men from England, and as many from India, with a strong contingent from Australia and New Zealand; while Germany, the only European country inclined to stir in the matter, would be helpless to aid the Dutch. We know this, but the average Boer does not; he believes in what he can see, and no more. If he has been to Cape Town, or his neighbour has, and either has seen fifteen or twenty thousand men reviewed, he will know that he cannot walk over the Cape without a fight; and though he will be ready enough to face the twenty thousand if they cross his border, he will certainly not go over his border to attack them. We talk of provoking the Boers by a display of strength; we forget that to an ordinary enemy the greatest provocation is a display of weakness. Were we to reduce our Navy greatly, we should be pelted with ultimatums, and probably invaded before the year was out.

If thirty or forty thousand men are assembled at the Cape, it is too many; such a force is meant for aggression. But twenty thousand merely make the sides equal, and enable either to make concessions without bullying or weakness. In a long campaign the professional soldier would have a huge advantage over the burgher militia, which could not be kept together indefinitely; but, meanwhile, the gold-mining industry would be ruined. So, when the forces are fairly balanced, the moderate men will have the casting vote, as happens in all disputes; and the result should be peace.

President Kruger has the Dutch characteristic of getting all that he can, and the human characteristic of not being too particular about the way in which he gets it. But he is shrewd, and he has been to England, and he knows that, in all probability, he would not have the luck to light on another Gladstone. He also knows what chance he would have of Continental help, and what forces could be brought against him. But the oligarchy of farmers on whose votes he depends for his place does not know these things. The ordinary Boer thinks of a possible war with England as of a second edition of Sir George Colley's rash attack, or of Jameson's foolish raid; the hundred thousand in England and the two hundred thousand in India are nothing to him. He must see some samples—a good many samples—before he believes in the qualities of the goods.

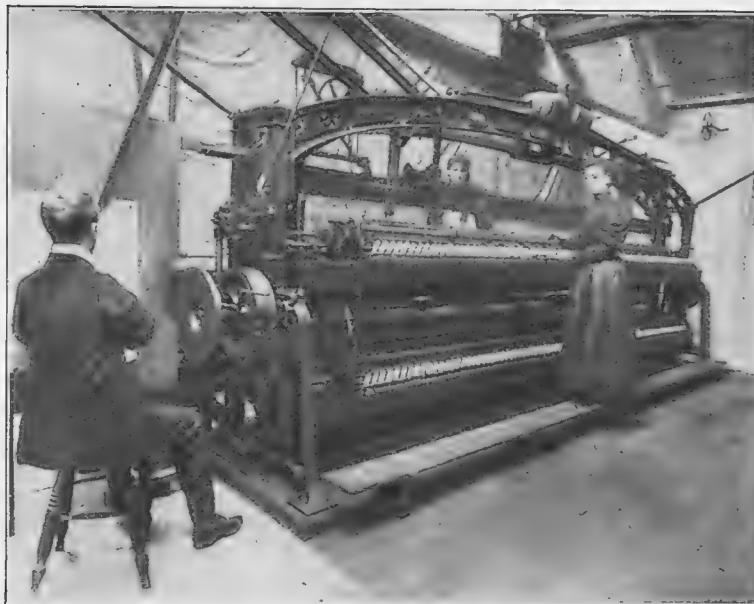
It is probable that, if Mr. Kruger were absolute ruler of the Transvaal, he would make suitable concessions to the Uitlanders on learning that Great Britain was seriously supporting their cause. It is not unlikely that he sees the folly of lavishing gold on the latest magazine-rifle, which will hardly be as efficient as the old familiar Martini-Henry, and on the latest artillery, which will be little more than an encumbrance to Boer tactics. It is past doubt that he knows what his friend the Kaiser could do to help him. But he has to work with greedy Hollanders and ignorant Boers, to whom his common sense would seem cowardice. Therefore, paradoxical as it may seem, I should think Oom Paul will view the increase of the British garrison with no unfriendly eye—up to twenty thousand.

MARMITON.

YET ANOTHER INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING EMBROIDERY AND LACE.

It having come to the knowledge of *The Sketch* that "something new in lace and embroidery making" was causing no little talk in trade circles, a contributor journeyed to Nottingham, bent on interviewing Mr. Henry Hill, whose firm, Messrs. Balm, Hill, and Sons, recently



PANTAGRAPH MACHINE AT PRESENT IN USE: THE PANTAGRAPHER AT WORK PRODUCING THE PATTERN.

patented the Jacquard embroidery-machine. The writer was courteously shown the new process, and learnt that the machine, which is illustrated on this page, is applicable not only to lace-making, but to all kinds of embroidery, curtains, dress-trimmings, flannelette, and figured dress-goods generally. The embroidered cambric used for skirts, children's clothing, and laces of all kinds, are all made on the embroidery-machine. At present nearly all the cambric and all the net which are embroidered upon is made in England—in Nottingham and the neighbourhood, Manchester, and Glasgow—and has to go to Germany to be worked up before being brought back to this country. The outlay thus caused, including freight and Customs duties, will all be saved by the introduction of the new process, and employment found for forty or fifty thousand persons; moreover, the export trade, now in the hands of the German and Swiss merchants, will come back to England. At present all the American buyers (the largest purchasers in the world) are compelled to go to Switzerland, as are also the English buyers, though very much against the grain. "We wish we could buy the stuff in England," is their cry; and they will be able to do so before long, thanks to the development which will doubtless follow the introduction of the Jacquard embroidery-machine.

Again, the cost of production will be greatly reduced. The goods manufactured will be perfect and reliable. As the materials to be embroidered are all made close at hand, the production will be much quicker and the market close at home. The buyer will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is supporting a home industry and also buying in the cheapest market. As the automatic machines do not require highly paid labour, they will ensure a great development of the embroidery of dress-goods, which, under present conditions, it does not pay to deal with. The extent of the trade is such that no half-dozen limited liability companies will be able to deal with it when it has once developed and has obtained a domicile in England.

The Glasgow and Belfast people, above all others, ought to rejoice, as the introduction of this patent Jacquard machine will enable them to lay down plants that will work so advantageously that they will defy all German and Swiss competition, while manufacturers, instead of having to ship their linens and cambrics to be worked-up abroad, will be able to use their own goods, save the foreigner's profit and all other expenses, and keep control of the trade in Great Britain. The object of the company presently to be brought out by Mr. Hooley will be to manufacture any or all of these laces, curtains, muslin embroideries, dress-trimmings, embroidered dress-goods generally, to grant licences to work the machines, build them, form subsidiary companies, &c.

When capable of application, automatic mechanical movements have, in spite of prejudice and strenuous opposition from vested interests, invariably superseded hand-labour. The most notable instances of this in textile machinery are the application of a Jacquard to looms, lace and curtain machines, and hosiery machines. It is difficult to realise the importance of the embroidery machinery to the textile trades. Originally used only for the production of embroidered muslin work, it is also now employed in ornamenting dress-goods of every description, with patterns ranging from simple spots to the most elaborate and exquisite work and designs. Its recent use for the production of lace of various descriptions has opened a new field for its employment, and has

given it a permanent and leading position in that important trade; indeed, the machine is now such a valuable adjunct to the fancy textile trade that its use and development must be coextensive and world-wide.

In Switzerland, the principal seat of the muslin embroidery trade, there are about 25,000 hand-machines, and in Switzerland, Germany, and Russia over 5000 power-machines, these latter, as they increase in number and efficiency, gradually displacing the former.

The perfection of the work is mainly dependent upon the precision of the movements of the pantagrapher, who follows, or traces, with his pantagraph the course of the stitches in the sketch of the pattern to be produced. Although the speed of the machine has been increased from ten stitches per minute of the hand-machine to one hundred in the power-machine, this movement of the pantagraph is still made by hand, with the necessary consequence that the work is not so good. Hitherto the best goods have been made on the hand-machine, because, working at a slow speed, the pantagrapher can make better work. As the speed is increased the work is proportionately inferior in delicacy. To substitute some automatic mechanical movement method of moving the pantagraph, in place of the hand, has been a desideratum recognised ever since the speed of the machine was so greatly increased. Several attempts to accomplish this have been made, but hitherto they have been unsuccessful.

The new machine has attached to it a Jacquard arrangement, which takes the place, and does the work, of the pantagrapher—with this difference, that it makes the stitches exactly as desired by the skilled draughtsman who designed the pattern. The Jacquard is placed at the right-hand side of the machine, leaving the pantagraph at the left-hand side. Either apparatus can be used, less than ten minutes being required to make the alteration from one to the other. The speed of the Jacquard is well in advance of the fastest machine now running; it can be attached to existing machines at small cost; it takes up very little space, and all the parts are very simple.

Among the commercial advantages resulting from this invention may be mentioned the saving in labour. The ordinary machines are now worked by a pantagrapher (who in the case of the fast-running machines is usually a man), a front girl, who must always have had experience in pantagraphing, and a back girl, to occasionally relieve the regular pantagraph hand. Upon the skill of the pantagrapher mainly depends the character of the work made. This skilled labour has to be highly paid, and good and careful hands are difficult both to get and to train. With the patent Jacquard machine the only labour employed consists of a girl to replace broken threads, and a child to fill and attend to the shuttles.

Deteriorations, which are the source of endless difficulty and loss to the manufacturer, are impossible with the Jacquard. The pattern being read from the draft by the reading-machine on to the Jacquard band or tape by the skilled designer or pantagrapher, possesses all the experience, art, and taste he can put into it, and will be reproduced exactly on any machine, and always the same, regardless of the person who works it. By cutting duplicates of the band on a repeating machine, any number of machines can be put on the same pattern at a cost of only a few pence. The repeating machine, being automatic, requires no attention, whereas by the old way a fresh draft has to be prepared for each machine. It is



PATENT JACQUARD MACHINE: THE JACQUARD PRODUCING THE PATTERN AND DISPENSING WITH THE PANTAGRAPHER.

obvious that, as the labour employed is not necessarily skilled and costly, as is the case with the ordinary machines, it will be much easier to work a plant of machines on the double-shift plan, thus effecting a considerable saving in capital outlay.

It is reasonable to suppose that, in addition to revolutionising the present conditions of the trade, the enormous saving of labour will bring the machine into use for many purposes now beyond its reach—such, for instance, as embroidering piece-goods for shipment to the East and other countries where this description of ornamentation is popular, and in other ways superseding fancy weaving.

THE PROFESSOR: AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.*

It was my good (or ill) fortune the other day to handle a volume on the literature of the nineteenth century, written by a very learned and very eminent Professor of Literature. In that volume he taught me how to understand true letters, how to weigh literature in the balance, and how to digest it inwardly. I found the book, indeed, so full of problems, so provocative of suggestion, that I even took the liberty to call upon the Professor to learn, if I might, the solutions of my doubts and hesitations. I was courteously received by him in his spacious library. On the table by which he sat lay a large uncut copy of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall"—an interesting fact to note, as the Professor has always maintained, in the teeth of vulgar belief, that this attractive work was written by Emily Brontë, and not by her sister Anne.

"I have called upon you," said I, after I had seated myself comfortably upon a music-stool, "to inquire into certain rules of grammar and construction which have been very loosely taught to me in my youth, but of which I begin to get a new, a delightful, and broad glimpse, in your wonderful work on nineteenth century literature."

"You are welcome," said the Professor gravely, "to all that information which, if I have not disposed already of it elsewhere, and which—seeing that my books are for sale at most booksellers' shops—may underlie any rules of which you have called upon me for; otherwise I will answer according to a certain *nescio quid* of interest in rising young authors, which it is part of my career to assume indulgence in."

I gazed, as wisely and as little wildly as possible, into the Professor's face when he had concluded his speech, and proceeded to open the pages of the precious volume.

"On the eighth page of the preface," said I, "you declare: 'I have done my best to prevent or supply oversight.' How can you supply an oversight and prevent it at the same time?"

The Professor tapped my knee.

"I meant," said he, "that I have supplied omissions and—and—"

I nodded.

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, laughing at my own obtuseness, and turned casually to page 146. "Now, here you say, 'Dickens owes hardly anything to any predecessor except Smollett, to whom his debts are rather large, and perhaps to Theodore Hook, to whom, although the fact has not been generally recognised, they exist.' Now, how can anything exist to another? That is my difficulty."

"A thing does not exist to another," said the Professor; "but, you see, the debt was owed to Hook, so that—" And the Professor snapped his fingers with an air.

I blushed. "'In their own kind of essay,'" I pursued, "you say, on page 227, 'Macaulay's are quite supreme.' Macaulay's what?"

"Macaulay's Essays," cried the Professor triumphantly. "Didn't you note the word 'their'?"

"Yes," I objected, "but I did not notice the word essays."

"Essay or essays," laughed the Professor in a voice like Irving's, "what matter . . . what matter?"

"On page 212," I pursued, with remorse eating at my heart, so agreeable, so easy, so explanatory was my host, "you say, 'the literary value of these two histories is more even than a generation which probably reads neither much, and has almost forgotten Southey, is apt to imagine.'"

The Professor interrupted me with a scornful laugh.

"The old exploded theory of alternatives! You spy a 'neither,' you look for 'nor.' Young friend," said he, turning suddenly serious, "that sentence is beautifully constructed. Perish the alternative! It has music which you could hear if listened to."

They sounded, those last words, like a sentence from the Professor's book, to the sixty-second page of which I now turned.

"You write here," I said, "'Christabel,' the most ambitious if also the most unequal, does really underlie the criticism that, professing itself to be a narrative, and holding out the promise of something like a connected story, it tells none, and does not even offer very distinct hints or suggestions of what its story, if it ever had been told, might have been." Now, how can a criticism profess itself to be a narrative?"

The Professor seemed hurt.

"'Christabel,'" he said, wearied clearly by my folly, "professes to be a narrative—not criticism."

"You say, however," I replied—but, seeing the cloud on his face, I added cheerfully, "then all the 'it's' refer to 'Christabel'?"

"Let me see," he answered, as he ran his finger down the lines with the aspect of a man solving a puzzle; "let me see—One, two, three, four—there are four of 'em; well, the first three refer to 'Christabel,' the fourth to 'story.' Not one," he added, with solemnly uplifted finger—"not one refers to criticism." The point was clearly demonstrated.

"You observe on page 208," I went on, "that, 'in Fitzgerald's prose (no disrespect being intended to 'Euphranor,' a dialogue Berkeleian in form and of great beauty and other things) . . .' How can a dialogue be said to be 'of other things'?"

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Professor; "fairly caught, I confess. The phrase is loose, of course. It shall be revised in later editions."

"On page 368," I continued, in better spirits, for the Professor's good-humour somewhat elated me, "you write of Newman: 'The same defect is quaintly illustrated by a naif and evidently sincere complaint

that he should have been complained of for . . .' To complain that you have been complained of for seems curious, doesn't it?"

"But you don't read what the complaint was that he was complained of for," said the Professor testily; so that I did not pursue the matter.

"You say of Thackeray on page 154," I read, "he laughed at the weakness of man as the wise knows and laughs."

"A mere Latinism," said the Professor, and added thoughtfully, "I sometimes think in Latin."

"Ah," I replied, "does that account for the following sentence on page 134?—'There is no doubt that the single gift underlying all these and other things—the gift which enabled Scott not merely, as has been said, to create the historical novel, but to give the novel generally an entirely new start and direction, to establish its popularity, to clear its reputation from the smirch of frivolity on the one side and immorality on the other, to put it into the position occupied at other times or in other countries by the drama and the sermon, and to make it a rival of the very newspaper which was being re-fashioned at the same moment, while providing opportunities for the production of literature proper not inferior to those of any literary kind except poetry—that this was a gift of higher scope, if of vaguer definition, than any of those referred to."

"Yes," murmured the Professor meditatively, "that is very Latin. I must have thought that in Latin. Now, I don't suppose you find it quite clear in English, do you?"

"Not quite," I admitted. I had found, I hinted, after the seventh reading, that I did not quite know if Sir Walter Scott's "gift" had "provided opportunities" or if it was the "newspaper." But I changed the subject, and turned on to page 152.

"You are still dealing with Thackeray," I said, "when you write, 'Esmond' showed at once the fashion in which the author had assimilated the Queen Anne Period and his grasp of character." Do you mean that he assimilated the period and his grasp of character together? And what process of digestion is the assimilation of your own grasp of character?"

The Professor looked at me very patiently and began to shake his head slowly.

"'Esmond' showed his grasp of character; the author assimilated the period. That was my meaning," he said in a low and deliberate voice; "you should have found that out for yourself. Any man of intelligence should have found it out for himself."

"I think I knew your meaning," I answered, "but—"

"Then why make trouble of the matter?" snapped the Professor quite irritably.

"You go on to say in the sentence that immediately follows," I pursued, somewhat daunted, "'he returned to modern times in 'The Newcomes,' which some put at the head of his work as a contemporary painter of manners.' I ask you, Professor," said I pleadingly, "can a man's work be a painter of manners?"

A long and uncomfortable silence followed. I broke it.

"'The magnificent character of Becky,'" I read aloud, from page 155, "'(the attempt to rival whom by her almost exact contemporary, Valérie Marneffe, is a singular critical error), supported as it is by the lesser succèses of Jos and Rawdon . . . does not find itself save now and then, especially in the crowning scene of the scandal in Curzon Street, completely parted or completely put in scene.' I do not understand this in the least, either in detail or as a whole; and what can you mean by saying that the magnificent character of Becky is not completely parted? How do you part a character? And what is a character like when it is parted? And what is it parted from? And if it is parted from itself, what are the parts into which it should be parted? And—"

"Cease," said the Professor, in deep tones, and with the aspect of at least a minor prophet, "cease from a ribaldry which, eminently unsuitable to the young, is abhorrent when directed against one who, writing for the young, and understanding their needs, has chosen, when they require it, to use a style which, whatever its remote obscurities, has an appropriateness which has its value, and which is clear to any man who, if he has the intelligence of his courage and the courage of his intelligence, and who, while not admitting perpetual obscurity, yet knows how to pierce its veils when occasion requires (and sometimes when occasion does not require), understands what those needs are, and who is also ready to show indulgence to the author of whom I speak, and to such as him."

Under this stress of words, which the Professor recited in the kind of tone which I have always imagined to be like the voice of Homer when he chanted his verse to the listening Greeks, I grew abashed and confounded. I made a last effort.

"You write on page 130," I said rapidly, "that there is something feminine about the method which, with the addition of a certain *nescio quid*, giving it its modern differences, may be said to combine—"

The Professor arose, in a coruscation of anger.

"Begone," he cried, lifting, to emphasise his words, the uncut copy of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" that lay beside him; "begone, and bring no more insolence to the *sanctum sanctorum* of one who, whatever his deficiencies in the realisation of humanity in vital lapses, maintains that the combination (however you may understand its *esprit*; whether, that is, you comprehend its breadth or its depth) of literary power, as a power—"

By this time I was half-way down the stairs.

"Whether or no a literary man must indicate," I heard him shouting, "if, or if not, when the differences of nature are, despite all attacks—"

I slammed the door, which resounded to the impact of some heavy object. I guessed that it was the uncut copy of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



KARL THE MARTYR.—FRANK FISHER.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

group by Countess Feodora Gleichen for the Victorian Hospital, Montreal. The group is dignified and stately. A singularly tender presentation of the Queen is seated in a chair of state, over the back of which is draped a voluminous garment. Her Majesty leans forward, with head slightly bent, her arm around a small child who bends, with a peculiarly artless grace, his head upon her knee. On the upper step of the chair a second child is seated, looking upwards towards the face of the inclined figure. There is a directness and simplicity in the composition that are very charming, and the likeness, it may be said by the way, is strikingly good. Altogether, there is no doubt that the Countess has added to her already high reputation as a sculptor.

Another little sculptured figure reproduced here is from the Royal Academy, and by Mr. Frank Fisher, and is a work of really fine merit, entitled "Karl the Martyr." The figure stands in an attitude partly of splendid defiance, partly of slight human fear. One arm is lifted, the hand thrown back against the brow, the body supported to the pedestal partly by the other arm, partly by the binding chain. Everything here is vital, spirited, and significant. The figure stands in almost superb solidity, and is indeed to be described as one of the sculptures of the year.

To return, then, to some of the Academy work, which was partly dealt with last week. Mr. H. La Thangue's "A Summer Morning" has most of that painter's extraordinary breadth and charm. In a boat, two children, a boy and a girl, are fishing, where the osiers bunch up into a splendidly simple foreground and where the water-lilies sleep upon the surface of the water. The trees in the background, through which the light filters, are finely imagined and no less finely painted. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., sends a very dignified water-colour, "The Liner's Escort," in which, simply and surely drawn, the liner ploughs through the waters, as the gulls fly in its wake and before its passage, and the sharks tipple half out of the surface. The sea is drawn with great power, and the colour and depth of effect are surprisingly good, especially in a water-colour.

The Chantrey pictures of the year are always interesting in the news of sales that they bring to the lucky artists—and nobody, for example, will grudge Mr. Napier Hemy's success this year—but it is rarer to chronicle purchases by the President and Council of the Royal Academy for foreign or Colonial Governments. The Government of New South Wales has, however, just purchased, through that august body, Mr. W. H. Margetson's "The Sea Hath Pearls," which occupies a place of honour at the Academy's exhibition. Mr. Margetson has been constant enough to the Academy for some years; he will also be remembered by all frequenters of the Lyceum as the painter of the portrait of "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" which hangs upon the wall of that theatre, it having been purchased by Sir Henry Irving after its exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery some years back.

On this page is reproduced the sculptured

Among the subject-pictures that call for comment, one of the most spirited is "The Last Fight of the *Revenge*," by Thomas Somerscales, attached to which are two lines from Tennyson's glorious ballad—

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety sick below.

The drawing is satisfactorily firm, and the wind is really there in the full-bellied sails and the foam-surfaced sea. There is spirit and passion, too, in the position and attitude of ship to ship and in the onrush of the fighters. It is surprising to find, in a subject-picture, again, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., in his "Across the Stream," so bent upon beauty for its own sake. Yet that is here the goal of his endeavour, and he has largely succeeded in winning his ambition. He has not, it is true, produced a Corot. Those trees that line the bank are beautiful, the atmosphere is there caught particle for particle by a most observant eye; but this is not the highest poetry of selection and reflection; still, it is fine, and that, as things go, is much to say.

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes should at once undertake the illustration of the prettiest book of fairy-tales that she can lay her hands upon, for her Academy picture, "A Princess of Dreamland," is one of the most charming and delightful studies in this kind of work that can well be imagined. In the warm, placid landscape the mill drips and drips, the birds are lazy on the eaves, the flowers droop sweetly like the poppies of Tennyson's Lotus-land, and the boy sleeps among the flowers. Over him, herself a flower, half stoops, with sweet smile, part humorous, one hand outstretched, and her hair prettily bound, her robe exquisitely draped and caught in the other hand, the Princess of Dreams. You might almost think she was blessing the sleeper, whose face, without a trace of mawkishness, shows the true happiness of the dreamer. The composition is exceptionally attractive.

A beautiful reproduction of Mr. Arthur Wardle's picture, "Champion Dame Fortune," which was reproduced in these pages on a small scale, has just been reproduced in mixed mezzotint and photogravure by Mr. F. Mansell, of Orleston Road, N. The values of the artist's work have actually been enhanced in black-and-white. Thirty-five artist's proofs have been issued at a couple of guineas each, while the India prints cost fifteen shillings.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN.
Group for the Victorian Hospital, Montreal.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

MRS. DOUGLAS, *Aunt*; ELIZABETH DOUGLAS and TOM DOUGLAS, *Brother and Sister*; MR. FULLARTON, *Archaeologist*.

SCENE I.—*The Pincian Hill, Rome*

TOM. Why on earth did we come to Rome?

ELIZABETH (*tersely*). Because we were fools, I think.

TOM. It was all your fault, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. It was the fault of the silly idiots who write about it. Perhaps it is our fault that we don't appreciate it.

TOM (*with fervour*). That's rot! You come to Cambridge next May week, and if you don't enjoy that, say it's your own fault.

ELIZABETH (*dubiously*). But I think Rome is a place one ought to like. It's rather the same as going to church—you shouldn't compare it to secular things.

TOM (*with fury*). I wish I had caught on to that idea of it before I came. [Silence for a time.]

TOM. What shall we do?

ELIZABETH. We might go home and have tea. But—

TOM. You always have a "but" in all your suggestions.

ELIZABETH. When I want my own way only:

TOM. If you mean that I— Hullo! there's a Johnny that knows all about Rome. Just you wait.

[Brings an elderly man, who has a slightly displeased and bewildered air.]

TOM (*nonchalantly*). Mr. Fullarton—my sister, Elizabeth.

[ELIZABETH bows doubtfully.]

TOM (*with less assurance*). Truth is, we'd be much obliged if you'd tell us what we could enjoy. Baedeker is a bit misleading, I think.

ELIZABETH. We have only been here for a few days, so you see we have hardly grasped Rome yet.

MR. FULLARTON (*horrified*). Grasped Rome! Why, this is my fifteenth visit, and I have not got hold of its merest alphabet.

ELIZABETH (*pityingly*). You must feel a little tired of trying to.

MR. FULLARTON. Please, don't—

ELIZABETH. Everyone told us we were bound to find some sort of an interest in Rome, but Tom and I think it shockingly difficult to do so.

MR. FULLARTON (*warmly*). It takes a certain amount of time—and intelligence.

ELIZABETH (*slowly*). I grasp that, at any rate.

MR. FULLARTON (*hurriedly*). I dare say you will like modern Rome—all that sort of thing.

[He waves meaninglessly at the torturing crowd of carriages and tourists coming to and going from the Pincian Hill.]

ELIZABETH. The human interest of the place, you mean?

MR. FULLARTON (*vaguely*). Yes, I suppose so.

ELIZABETH. It's all very well in its way, but crowds are as bewildering to grasp as Rome itself. At the same time, there is always something fascinating in herds of people.

MR. FULLARTON. Heaven forbid!

ELIZABETH. Individually, then?

MR. FULLARTON (*decidedly*). Worse!

TOM (*with tact*). Stones and inscriptions are his thing.

MR. FULLARTON (*apologetically*). I happen to lecture in archaeology.

TOM. We had just settled to go home to have tea. Won't you come with us?

MR. FULLARTON. But—

TOM. If you mean our belongings, it's all right. They have gone to Frascati for the day.

ELIZABETH. If you are the Mr. Fullarton who writes, my aunt knows your people, I believe.

TOM. She goes about with your book under her arm.

MR. FULLARTON (*eagerly*). Is she an authority?

TOM. Hardly, I think. She gets a bit mixed generally, and then she consults Hare.

MR. FULLARTON. Oh!

TOM. Now, if you came with us, you could tell us a lot while the kettle boils. It always takes ages.

ELIZABETH (*with a sudden smile*). Perhaps you might really help us to find an interest.

MR. FULLARTON. Hardly, I am afraid.

[He follows ELIZABETH—with an irritated sense that her unexpected smile had something to do with it—up a long flight of stairs in one of the Sistine houses.]

MR. FULLARTON (*leaving an hour after*). I think the kettle boiled too quickly for me to tell you much. You must let me come back another day.

ELIZABETH. That would be very nice. Besides, my aunt will be here, and she wants to meet you.

MR. FULLARTON. Ah! Very nice. (*Walks away*.) After all, they are not more of Goths than the usual run of Roman tourists.

ELIZABETH (*with assurance*). One always does do different sort of things abroad, Tom. It's one of the advantages. Besides, he was quite old, and so very shoppy.

TOM (*trying not to look unduly elated*). Fullarton is one of our Dons, you know. But, after all, it is quite simple to know him, isn't it? It's funny, though. I should never have thought of rushing at him like that in Cambridge.

SCENE II.—*A few days later. In the Courtyard of one of the Museums—*
ELIZABETH, *her Aunt*, TOM, MR. FULLARTON.

ELIZABETH (*gratefully*). Tom and I think it awfully good of you to take so much trouble with us, Mr. Fullarton.

MR. FULLARTON. Not at all. It is an immense pleasure to me to take you all about.

ELIZABETH. And yet you hate crowds of people.

MR. FULLARTON. Well, I won't say it isn't easier, in a way, to talk to one intelligent companion. (*Looks round for the Aunt, who is dozing in the sunshine, and Tom, who is catching lizards with great enjoyment*.) I think your brother is very receptive. I shall make a point of seeing him a good deal this term. It was very good of him to speak to me, for I am afraid I should not have recognised him.

ELIZABETH. I am sure you have taught us a lot. Those inscriptions round that room, for instance, looked so vague till you explained them and showed how fearfully simple they really are to understand.

MR. FULLARTON. Simple! Good Lord! I am writing a treatise on them.

ELIZABETH. I always thought people who made out inscriptions must be awful liars, but I see it's really easier than it looks.

MR. FULLARTON (*grimly*). It rather depends on the way you view things. [Leads the way towards the other two.]

ELIZABETH. Will you look at the sunshine through the trees? It's simply dancing about.

[Goes on her knees to pick lilac anemones, with which the grass is starred.]

MR. FULLARTON (*testily*). Yes, but you can see that anywhere. It's sheer waste of time to look at sunshine.

MRS. DOUGLAS (*cheerfully*). I am quite rested enough now, Mr. Fullarton, to go on to the next room if you will take us. It is all so wonderful!

MR. FULLARTON. I have been assured by your niece that I elucidate to a quite extraordinary extent.

ELIZABETH. I think it's wrong to miss the "feel" of a day like this. Let's go somewhere outside.

MRS. DOUGLAS. Elizabeth! How ungrateful!

ELIZABETH (*turning to Mr. Fullarton*). Suggest somewhere, and come and guide us about.

MR. FULLARTON (*absently picking up an anemone dropped by Elizabeth*). We might go to the Appian Way. There are some wonderful things there; the latest excavations—

ELIZABETH (*decidedly*). I am going to pick flowers.

SCENE III.—*Two weeks later. On the steps of the Trinita di Monti.*

MR. FULLARTON. So this time is over.

ELIZABETH. Yes; I am sorry.

MR. FULLARTON (*with conviction*). So am I. I always find I enjoy every visit to Rome more than the last.

ELIZABETH. Then we have not spoilt Rome for you?

MR. FULLARTON (*with conviction*). How can you ask that?

ELIZABETH. You have made Rome so interesting to us. You won't forget to send me your book?

MR. FULLARTON. Certainly not. And you will remember all our talks, and—and—the sunshine, and everything?

ELIZABETH. There seem so many more wonderful things to think of than sunshine.

MR. FULLARTON (*indignantly*). How can you say that? Look at the pink almond-trees in the blaze of it. I never saw the almond-trees so wonderfully pink before. It's the blue sky and the flowers and the sunshine this year that make it all so beautiful.

ELIZABETH. I am sorry to go because you have made me see Rome in such a wonderful new light.

MR. FULLARTON (*absently*). Ah, wait till you see this sunset.

ELIZABETH (*petulantly*). I wish you would believe that I do not only care for sunsets and flowers.

MR. FULLARTON (*surprised*). Surely you feel the influence of an evening like this. Look at the city melting into greyness, while the sun sinks and the sky is filled with that rosy-purple glow.

ELIZABETH (*relenting*). After all, the sun is setting over Rome.

MRS. DOUGLAS (*anxiously*). Tom, don't you think your sister must be a little tired of talking archaeology to Mr. Fullarton? The sun has set quite a long time ago.

Tom (*sententiously*). He calls it archaeology, and she calls it finding an interest; but at Cambridge we call it something different.

MRS. DOUGLAS (*radianly*). Oh, Tom, I was so afraid it was only stones all the time.

[Starts home. MR. FULLARTON and ELIZABETH join Tom later.]

ELIZABETH (*naively*). Tom, the people who said Rome was the most wonderful place in the world were right.

MR. FULLARTON. I never knew how right till this evening.

Tom (*truculently*). The only thing is that it seems a pity to have come all the way to Rome to find it out.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

"THE FRENCH MAID," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Madame Garet-Charles, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS DOROTHY TRAVERS.

*There is a castle in the air,
And Cupid holds the key,
And rich and poor may enter there
In motley company.*

"THE FRENCH MAID," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



M. Camembert (Mr. Eric Lewis) tells his wife (Miss Lillie Pounds) that a distinguished potentate is coming to their hotel.



The visitor is the Maharajah of Punkapre (Mr. Percival), who flirts with Suzette (Miss Katz Cutler), the "French Maid."



Suzette's suitor, the gendarme (Mr. Herbert Standing), is horribly jealous of her "goings on."



The gendarme gets himself up as an Englishman, and works off his jealousy by making eyes at Dolly Travers (Miss Louie Pounds).

"THE FRENCH MAID," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. JOSEPH WILSON AS JACK BROWN.

*I'd her portrait next my breast, with a bundle of the rest
Of the girls as I had arst to be my wife;
And 'alf-way through them photergrafs a bullet spent 'isselv,
So I feels as they saved my life.*

"THE FRENCH MAID," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



A second visitor comes to the hotel in the shape of Lieutenant Fifo (Mr. Richard Green).



Lady Hawser (Miss Kate Talby) and her husband the Admiral (Mr. Clarey) also turn up at the hotel.



Jack Brown (Mr. Wilson), one of the Admiral's men, makes love to Suzette, and takes her to a ball at the Casino, which (in the second act) leads to all sorts of diverting complications. The songs of "The French Maid" are exceedingly humorous.



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A STIFF BREEZE.

An unpublished contribution to The Sketch drawn by the late Mr. R. A. Brownlie.



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: NO. 4.—THE SPHINX.

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AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Stead's proposal to celebrate the Jubilee by devising some means of preserving the unity of the English language has not elicited much profitable suggestion. Mr. Lecky thinks that if it is the doom of our speech to be broken into different tongues, nothing will stay that destiny. Ouida wants the American continent to be submerged like Atlantis, and all Australian visitors to England to be quarantined till they are purged of their native idioms. During this period of seclusion, they would be regaled, I presume, on Ouida's novels, so that their remote descendants, liberated to attend the Jubilee of a British Sovereign in the year 3000, might bewilder and delight contemporary society by the propriety of their diction. The diversities of language shift from age to age with the standards of taste. I quite agree with the author of a little book called "Grains of Sense," that we have allowed too much of Shakspere to run to waste. Every man who wants to express himself freely and strongly must sometimes hanker after Falstaff's vocabulary of recrimination. There are phrases of Pepys which I roll on my tongue in the course of lonely walks. Nothing in our present-day speech can match them for vigour and directness; but, for the uses of modern discussion, they might as well be Sanskrit.

As it is impossible to maintain the same standard of taste throughout the vast area of the English tongue, a good deal that is talked at the centre must seem archaic to the lively and enterprising circumference. Mr. Stead, recognising this danger to unity, tells us that he does not hesitate to employ American idioms when they strike him as expressive. What chance has he of persuading his distinguished correspondents to follow this example? In the terse and vivid dialogue of "Secret Service," that remarkable American drama at the Adelphi, a case of pressing necessity is described as something which must be done "right now." Rather than use such a phrase Ouida would perish at the stake. Most champions of pure English object to Transatlantic importations; and the writers who are wanting a new currency for the expression of Western ideas treat pure English as a dead language. It is no satisfaction to point out that an academic standard is impossible here, because our diction must vary with new conditions. The obvious comment is that the conditions elsewhere vary still more, and mould their speech accordingly. Mr. Stead's conference of linguists to guarantee the "integrity" of the English tongue has not even the casual unanimity of those diplomatic conferences which, from time to time, solemnly affirm the "integrity" of the Ottoman Empire.

The condition of the language is not a matter of vital concern to the majority of Englishmen; but the author of "Grains of Sense" takes it very seriously. He wants "more adequate forms of expression for every need of humanity." Humanity does not seem to be always conscious of its needs; hence the limited appreciation of the exquisite expression which Mr. Henry James has given to the most delicate shades of thought and feeling. Hence, too, the angry contempt usually visited upon any style that savours of "preciosity." The average exponent of humanity demands plain emotion in the plainest English. Not that he is above new forms; have not the needs of cyclists enriched the language with "bike"? But it is a mistake to suppose that the nervous pressure of modern life inspires most of us with a craving for subtleties in words. The increasing tenuity of conversation, and the popularity of "dumb-show" plays, suggest that the cessation of speech would cause no grave inconvenience. Mr. Stead's conference might consider the possibility that, in course of time, a large section of the English race will be reduced to silence by the disuse of the tongue, and that a still larger section will employ fewer words than are current among the Polynesians.

Take the average M.P., who is that ideal of rugged sincerity, "a man of few words." Nature endowed him with just enough rhetoric for conjectures about the weather, and for affable appeals to his neighbours at table to pass the cruet. Public duty and the designs of Nature are not always in accord; and so you find the M.P. on his legs, discoursing at large by the simple device of interminable repetition. He cannot ask the Speaker to pass the cruet; but he implores the House to pass the Bill, as if it were a condiment to season his daily food. He repeats this petition till you begin to think that some ill-bred person on the opposite benches is denying him the harmless, necessary mustard. Speech of this kind is no contribution to debate; it is turned on with mechanical regularity to satisfy a theory of Parliamentary responsibility. The average M.P. has constituents, and he thinks they will charge him with neglect of duty if he does not beg the House to pass the mustard. If he is on the

Opposition side, he has equally abundant reasons for protesting that the mustard is of the wrong brand. The tin is marked "Balfour," though everybody knows that "Harcourt" is the best make. The pepper is coarse—tastes too strongly of Chamberlain; and the salt has a weak flavour of Salisbury. The other day, a revolutionary legislator proposed that the average M.P. should not be allowed to talk around the cruet for more than fifteen minutes. He forgot that what the democracy chiefly loves is to hear the same thing over and over again; and, if the M.P. may not reiterate the virtues or vices of the mustard till he is physically exhausted, what becomes of popular representation?

The function of repeating himself is the greatest of the Rights of Man, though he is rather shy about it. There is a tacit understanding that we shall keep up the juggling of originality, and hail the latest judgment on the mustard as an absolutely new idea. You will find art critics in front of a canvas at the Academy applauding the astonishing versatility of the artist who has successfully repeated himself for the twentieth time. One painter whom I chiefly love (I withhold his name for fear of rousing the slumbering jealousies of Academic bosoms) performs this feat every year with such fidelity that it is impossible to distinguish his pictures in the memory from one another. If he were to send the same work every season to Burlington House, neither the Hanging Committee nor the public would be any wiser. The needs of humanity do not clamour for new aspects from his brush. When you look out of window in the morning, do you demand a new set of chimney-pots over the way? Are you moved by the repetition of the same faces at the Club to exclaim, "Confound it, sir, you lunched opposite to me yesterday, and the day before that, and if you don't get yourself a new and more strikingly handsome countenance, I shall complain to the committee"? What can be more impressive to a thoughtful mind than the gravity with which the guests at an evening party repeat to their hostess the catch-phrases of social harmony! Those threadbare commonplaces are the guardian angels of civilisation: as you hear the murmur on the crowded staircase, you know that the faithful sentinels are exchanging the watchwords of the night. But the most glorious champion of a social system which is based on celestial iteration is surely he who salutes our ears every Christmas with the familiar greeting, "Here we are again!" It is the immortal answer to Pilate's immortal question, "What is truth?"

I like to see philanthropy passing the mustard, and I am surprised at Lady Gwendolen Cecil's attempt to disturb this moral order of the universe. She finds the routine of charitable bazaars a mockery. Fashion repeats itself in these entertainments; that is to say, there is a small proportion of charity to a very large measure of frivolity and personal advertisement. Lady Gwendolen Cecil thinks the needs of humanity crave for "simple, honest, untainted almsgiving," and not for the vain show of benevolence which buys nick-nacks at twice their market value for the sake of "a duchess's smile." Instead of smiling, the duchess, I understand, is to write eloquent little notes to people suspected of long purses. The charity which is tainted by the purchase of a fancy basket at her grace's stall is to be purified by a cheque in response to her epistolary charms. An autograph letter from a duchess ought to be worth a good deal more in the market than the "smile." Lady Gwendolen does not see how difficult it is to escape from the great law of equivalents. Even the "untainted" almsgiver expects something for his money. The man who does good by stealth and blushes to find it a baronetcy is scarcely characteristic of our age. When a munificent donor reluctantly allows his name to be proclaimed on the housetop, just before a large distribution of rewards from the fountain of honour, who accuses him of discreditable guile? For the vindictive code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth we have substituted the merciful dispensation of a knighthood (at least) for a substantial subscription.

Rumour has it that the fountain of honour, or, say, the hose, is to be turned on the publishers. There are knighted authors and journalists; why should not the hose direct its gracious stream upon Paternoster Row, Albemarle Street, and the Bodley Head? Besides, some of the publishers' names have an obvious fitness for titles—a smack of high ancestry. Think of Sir John Murray and Sir Archibald Constable! They have an odour of State secrets, a suggestion of unrequited service to principalities and powers. Then Sir John Lane and Sir Grant Richards sound like distinguished Anglo-Indians, who eat chutney with their curried authors! Once upon a time there must have been a Count William Heinemann, of the Holy Roman Empire; and this association makes me hope that Mr. Heinemann will accept nothing less than a barony. So the publishing aristocrats will soon be handing round the mustard which they brought over with the Conqueror; and the only plain, unadorned commoner who repeats himself in print will do it "At Random."

ABOUT THE THEATRES.

We have moved very far since the days when "The Hobby Horse," now put on at the Court, was deemed an audacious novelty, and now one is able without a qualm to take pleasure in the curious, charming work, farce in design and comedy, for the most part, in execution. It may be that its unpopularity was, in some measure, a question of acting. The old complaint was that the pathos of the person's disappointment was too keen for the style of the work. I am told that Mr. Herbert Waring played the part beautifully. Mr. Frank Gillmore certainly acts it very well, but there is nothing very poignant in his pathos, and probably the play gains in consequence.

Mr. John Hare's delightful acting as poor old Jermyn makes me wonder why it is that London has allowed one of her most brilliant players—perhaps her finest artist—to become a mere sojourner within the bells of mortality. Miss May Harvey, who has already surprised and pleased by her farce and her tragedy, shows herself a true comedian in handling the part of poor Diana. Admirable acting also was done by Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Charles Groves, and Mr. Gilbert Hare.

"A Court of Honour": the title suggests something quite different from what is given. One expected a stormy discussion concerning a proposed duel, and had a fantastic trial by an extraordinary tribunal of a man's right to wear his V.C. and call himself an honourable man. What had he done? Captain Norway had held his tongue at a time when silence was wrong. He found that his friend and benefactor was about to wed the woman who for years had lived as Mrs. Norway, believing herself to be lawfully married. The woman was going to marry merely for money and social position; she did not love the drink-degraded man of wealth to whom she was engaged. A word of truth concerning the hapless woman would have prevented the marriage, have kept Norway's bosom friend from wedding the loveless creature with-lamentable history. Why did the Captain keep the woman's secret? Because she threatened to drown herself if he told the truth; a true friend would have said, "Drown yourself rather than make a mercenary marriage with a drunkard." So the marriage took place, and was as miserable as might have been expected—so miserable, indeed, that the wretched wife besought the Captain to elope with her. Now, he had indulged in another secret—had concealed from her the fact that she had a living child; the knowledge might have prevented her wicked marriage. Consequently, instead of eloping with her—obviously an inconvenient course for an officer under orders for Egypt—he offered to restore the child. She consented to take it instead of the father.

However, the drunkard had guessed that there was something wrong, and, when his wife went to the Captain's rooms for the child, he followed her and used energetic speech. The "Court of Honour" was held *chez* the Captain, and consisted of the husband, the wife, and a stray doctor. It unanimously acquitted the Captain of dishonourable conduct, which shows that a common jury is not the only absurd tribunal, and we were given to understand that the drunkard would die soon and leave the Captain and the lady to marry and live unhappy ever after.

It seems quaint that, after speaking of the old-fashioned, I should come upon the new—"The Wild Duck," which, by-the-bye, has received as sharp abuse for its novelty as was lavished on "A Court of Honour" for its antiquity. Of course, the Ibsen play has lost the charm of novelty; it has no surprise for us, although we do not even yet know what it would be like if really acted. For, after all, in the main it is the study, the colossal study, of character in Hialmar that gives the true interest and value to the piece, and Hialmar has not been acted yet. Mr. Lawrence Irving made a praiseworthy effort at the task, and showed much cleverness, but the part demands a true comedian at the highest moment in his career. Despite this, the revival was interesting, and, on the whole, excellent. Miss Winifred Fraser is quite delightful as the poor little girl, Mr. Courtenay Thorpe is an admirable Gregers, and one can hardly ask for better work than that of Mr. Welsh, though his lack of height for his part was a disadvantage.

Madame Jane May's season certainly began well, and it is to be hoped that London will give hearty support to the charming actress and her excellent company engaged in a somewhat daring enterprise. Up to now she has not given us any new play that deserves criticism; the fascinating comedy of Tailleron, "Le Monde ou l'On s'Ennuie," of course, has long passed from the critics' hands to take its rank as one of the truest comedies of the century.

"Belle Belair," a title that haunts the ear, is a play which, if brutally dissected, brings one down close to the antediluvian drama. I believe, however, that, taken quicker and shortened, few people would notice how closely it comes to the "strawberry mark on the left shoulder." After all, the plot of the piece is not of very great importance, and I am sure that Mr. Ralph Lumley by no means relied on the merits of his intrigue for success. There is charm in Belle Belair, the romantic creature morganatically married, quickly widowed, and compelled to part with her child, stifling a maternal instinct which fantastically asserted itself after a twenty-years' period, in which she had acted another marriage and another burial of husband. She was a bold woman too; many a creature after twenty-years' separation would act on timid wisdom, and leave unsought the child who, bereft of mother's guidance, might have become an unbearable youth. No dramatist could be so heartless as to make her unsuccessful in search of a child, even if he must postpone discovery till the last moment in order to keep the play on its legs. She was a lucky woman to find herself mother of a charming, intelligent young man. One would welcome a weaker play if it brought back Mrs. John Wood to the boards; yet one sighs a little at finding in

her part too little chance for the splendidly vigorous farce of which she is able to show some touches. However, in the scenes of pure comedy she and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who is at his best, gave a treat to the students of acting. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Martin Harvey delighted everybody by admirable work, nor should Messrs. Athol Forde, J. Byron, and Miss Fitzroy be passed over in silence.

There was madness before and behind the curtain on the opening night of Mr. Ben Greet's "Hamlet" at the Olympie, that behind being, of course, feigned (according, at least, to some critics), that before being very real indeed. To the front row of the stalls came a venerable personage in a grey beard and velvet Court-dress. Until the end of the first act he was remarkable only for his garb. At that point his conduct became noteworthy. Rising in his place, he distributed some huge bills printed in red and black, with the legend, "Britons, do not to delay a moment if you would not be made into a white Jewjewb (*sic!*) by black as hell Tory maxims!" A small paper was also handed round, on which appeared Rev. viii., concluding, according to a very unauthorised version, with the words, "Woh! Man! Ease her! Stop her! Gee-ji-gee! Cöschén, Scud to Hong-Kong. Scud! and skedaddle for ever, Amen!" The enthusiast wore a green scarf and medal and a bogus eyeglass, on which a staring eye was painted. At the end of the fifth act he addressed an incoherent harangue to the gods, who responded in fitting terms. At length the officials led the orator out.

The other evening I looked in at an interesting amateur performance in Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, when "Rip Van Winkle," an original musical play, was most creditably presented. The "book" is by Mr. Cooke-Yarborough, who sustained the title rôle. The music was very tunefully scored by Mr. Frank E. Tours, a son of Berthold Tours the song-writer. Mr. Tours, who is at present conducting an orchestra in the provinces, gives promise of doing good work in musical dramatic composition. The leading ladies were Miss Mary Miller and Miss Elsie Murray, who acted with intelligence and spirit. The prettiest scene was the goblin dance around the sleeping Rip, performed by six tiny boys arrayed in Mephistophelean scarlet. The story had rather an original twist, Rip's sleep and return proving to be a dream after all.

I often wonder what there is in Gilbert and Sullivan opera that makes amateurs emulate the Savoy troupe with such extraordinary success. I was more than usually struck with this when I went across to Wimbledon on Thursday evening and saw a remarkably good performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard," conducted under the great difficulties of a very small stage. Miss Mary Fraser made a taking Elsie Maynard; Miss Lucia Fydell, as Dame Carruthers, was quite as good as some professionals I have seen; and Miss Marjory Farquharson sang very charmingly as Phoebe. The men were admirable, notably Mr. Elles as Jack Point and Mr. Conway as Shadbolt.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

It is not often that the beginning of a season of opera brings so few changes in the first two weeks as have occurred this year. "Faust" twice in the first week, "Roméo et Juliette" twice in the first eight days, and "Les Huguenots" twice in the first ten days—this is a not altogether cheerful beginning. Still, one has hopes; the announcements of future arrangements have golden promise, and all are for the best. On the Friday of the first week the performance of "Les Huguenots" was not all that might have been desired, but, as an exceedingly marked improvement was to be noticed on the occasion of the second performance last Thursday, it is naturally of that that the critic prefers to speak. Mdlle. Pacary, then, who at first made only a mild impression, on this occasion made something even of a sensation by the power and sweetness of her singing. In the duet of the fourth act she rose very nearly to the absolute height of that trying music, and, though her strength was, perhaps, sorely tried, she kept up to the end with extraordinary vigour. M. Dupeyron, a new-comer, took the part of Raoul, and, although he was somewhat overweighted—his voice showing ominous signs of wavering during the duet referred to—he, too, showed himself capable, intelligent, and painstaking. Miss Marie Engle, in the part of Margaret de Valois, was quite brilliant, and M. Plançon's St. Gris was an exceedingly fine piece of work. M. Noté, who, as he gets used to the Covent Garden stage, begins to lose his self-consciousness, sang very finely and acted with sufficiency as de Nevers. The chorus was quite good from the vocal point of view; and M. Flon conducted with much care.

Wednesday last brought us a performance of "Carmen," with Madame Zélie de Lussan in her old-familiar part, and with a new-comer, M. Salignac, in the part of Don José. M. Salignac very gradually, but very surely, grew upon a somewhat surprised audience. He indulged himself very intelligently and successfully in an entirely new rendering of the part. Instead of the large presence, the immense power, the raging passion, which have always been associated with the character, M. Salignac gave us a study all of subtlety and nervous vitality. He was not loud and stormy, but intense. On this occasion he was suffering obviously from nervousness; yet in the second act he managed to secure results that did not fall short of brilliance. Moreover, his acting was the acting of brains rather than of mere emotion. Madame de Lussan's Carmen is sufficiently well-known. She acted even with more than her customary insight and vigour, and sang well enough. Miss Engle, who so far has stepped into Melba's shoes this season, took the part of Michaela with great tenderness and beauty. Signor Ancona's Escamillo was scarcely up to its usual level, and M. Flon, once the first half of the first act was over, conducted an efficient orchestra and chorus,

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

TWO VETERAN HUNT SERVANTS.

After five-and-forty years' service as whipper-in and huntsman of Lord Rothschild's staghounds, Fred Cox has laid down the horn to enjoy well-earned repose. From his earliest years his tastes lay in the direction of the stable and kennel; he began his hunting career as second



FRED COX.

45 YEARS WITH THE ROTHSCHILD HORNS.



MARK HOWETT.

35 YEARS WITH THE ROTHSCHILD HORNS.

whipper-in to the Tedworth, of which pack Mr. Assheton Smith was then master. Mr. Assheton Smith was one of the hardest working masters that ever controlled the destinies of foxhounds, hunting six days a week, and often having out two packs on a Saturday. After four years with the Tedworth, Cox went to the Vale of White Horse hounds, of which Mr. Villebois was master, and thence to the Puckeridge country, where, he says, "I think I saw the best sport I ever saw with foxhounds." From the Puckeridge he went to the Cottesmore, with which pack he remained till Major Burroughs sold the hounds, when he came to Baron Rothschild, in whose service he has been ever since—five years as whipper-in and forty as huntsman. Not only in the field has Cox made his mark; possessed of exceptional judgment, he leaves the Ascott kennels proof of his ability as a hound-breeders in as fine a pack as there is in the kingdom; the Fitzwilliam, Warwickshire, Oakley, Brocklesby, and also the Belvoir have contributed to make the Baron's staghounds what they are. As may be supposed, a man of Cox's experience has much to tell worth hearing about the doings of horse and hound; of one horse he speaks with special fervour—Gay Lad, who earned renown by jumping thirty feet (measured) over the Wing Brook. He also waxes enthusiastic over stags he has known; the best of these was Sunlight, who was uncared for six seasons, and was rarely taken before he had given a run of fifteen to twenty miles.

A few years ago the veteran met with a very severe accident, and, though he recovered sufficiently to be able to mount a pony, has not been able to hunt the hounds since. Cox's retirement was made the occasion of a pleasant little ceremony, wherat the Earl of Orkney, on behalf of the members of Lord Rothschild's Hunt, presented the veteran with a substantial testimonial in the shape of a purse containing £325. Lord Orkney voiced the feelings of his fellow members when he spoke of the unfailing ability, courtesy, and tact with which Cox had discharged his very difficult duties. At no time is the position of huntsman to a popular pack a bed of roses; but his difficulties are multiplied tenfold when he hunts a country so easily accessible from the Metropolis, which sends down a crowd of strangers not always versed in the unwritten laws of hunting. Cox is approaching his seventy-fifth year, but is still in the enjoyment of good health.

Mark Howett, first whipper-in to the Baron's staghounds, also retires this season, after thirty-five years' service with the pack. Since the accident to Cox referred to above, Howett officiated as huntsman, and proved a worthy successor to the man to whom he had turned hounds for so many years. The members of the Hunt gave practical form to their appreciation of his services by presenting him also with a purse of £325.

Tom Whitmore, who has been for thirty years huntsman of the Oakley, and who happened to be on a visit to the Ascott kennels at the time the photograph was taken, appears in the background of the group. His name is a household word in Bedfordshire, and his opinions on hounds and hound-breeding are held in high respect.—c.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

As I have stated many times before, Ascot this year will be a big function, and already the Earl of Coventry has received far more applicants than it is possible to accommodate in the Royal Enclosure. The entries for the Royal Hunt Cup will, it is expected, top the record, and the two-year-old horses will be interesting. Of course, feature of the meeting will be the running off Persimmon in the Gold Cup. The horse is well, and likes his long work. I am sorry to hear from a friend that the drying east winds have not improved the track at Ascot.

I wonder that an enterprising speculator does not buy up the Portsmouth Park Racecourse and revive the meeting. It is a pretty place, the stands are most conveniently arranged, and the race-tracks might with a small outlay be made one of the best in England. To complete the arrangements, a bridge should be built across the line to admit carriages on to the course. The track is situated in a sporting neighbourhood, and is easily accessible from the South Coast training stables and also from Newmarket.

Since Galtee More confirmed the Middle Park Master running, most people are looking forward to a Derby day off interest. It certainly does seem as though there is some horse in it, and that horse Galtee More, but it should not be forgotten that horses have finished second in the Guineas and first in the Derby. The most recent instance was that of Donovan, although the Duke of Portland's horse was only beaten a head in the Newmarket race, and then mainly because Hind Barrett was caught napping. Still, it is a precedent, and, as the ground is fine, more unlikely things may happen than victory for Veville. Lord Rosedale's colt certainly seems destined to fill second place, at any rate. The French horse, Palmito, has no superlative form to back his claims, and is the latest introduction in the list; but Bazzik is very likely to run a great deal better than many people expect, and one thing is certain—with Galtee More out of the way, the Derby would be a good race this year.

There has been a bit off shinsoriness among the horses trained at Newmarket, and I fancy the turf at the quarters is nothing like so sound as at some other places, say on the Wiltshire or Berkshire Downs. I have enjoyed many days coursing on the Berks and Avon Downs, and I never knew the going to be anything but good. The same remark will apply to the Norfolk gallops, and especially to the Ossorne Downs. It is not, therefore, surprising to hear that some of the owners at present patronising Newmarket intend to have their horses removed to other quarters.

Mr. Calvert has done some curious things since he put his career and money into the turf and the speculations thereof, but it is to be doubted if he will ever take the public into what he the other day called "his confidence" again. He has complained that when he told the public, through the medium of the Press, that Chitt Chitt would not run in the Cesarewitch unless Robinson could ride, he was roundly rated all round. It was probably the lesson he learned over that transaction that caused him to keep Bridgeman in the Jubilee colt.



COX AND HOWETT AT THE KENNELS, ASCOTT, VISITED BY TOM WHITMORE, OF THE OAKLEY.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

One day last week, as I turned out of Piccadilly, I saw a bicycle which was coming down Bond Street suddenly collapse. Fortunately, the rider sustained no injury. Upon examining the remnants of the machine, I discovered almost immediately that the bicycle had been a very badly made one—a cheap and nasty machine in every way. By a strange stroke of fortune, not a single vehicle was within twenty yards of it.

It is customary in Japan to cover up railway-carriage foot-warmers in such a way that hardly any of the naked warmer is visible. A wag in Tokio told me that this was done on the plea of decency. It may be for the same reason that certain cycling enthusiasts when travelling by rail swaddle up their machines in a way that is perfectly ridiculous. I do believe in protecting the vulnerable parts of a bicycle when it has to be sent by train, but, looking at the machines that I saw lately at Paddington Station, you would think that they were in training for the Epsom or Ascot, or that at least they were undergoing some novel treatment for obesity. After all, the best bicycle in the world can be bought for five-and-twenty guineas or so. Should we take, in proportion, as much care of a horse for which we had paid that large sum?

Here are three cyclists who are going round the world for *Travel*, Messrs. John Foster Fraser, S. Edward Lunn, and Frank H. Lowe, in their Indian outfit. Mr. Fraser, as soon as he reached India, devoted a great deal of attention to the plague and famine districts. Unfortunately,

rides forth on the Beeston to waylay the invading Saxon tourist. But if as yet the cycle is really so little known to the Sons of the Desert, what an opportunity is here for the adventurous Englishwoman, who wishes to gaze upon the rock-hewn palaces of Petra, to scare the guardians of the valley by boldly riding up to them on a bicycle! The superstitious terrors of the Arab would leave her mistress of the situation.

The Columbia has undergone two slight improvements. The tread is now half-an-inch narrower than it was a few months ago, and the spokes are let straight into the hub. Consequently, the machine is now even a stronger one than it always has been.

Yet another cycling journal—the *Rambler*. Almost needless it is to add that the *Rambler* emanates from the headquarters of Messrs. Harmsworth. It promises to be of great interest to the general reader, also less technical than most of its predecessors.

I hear that the Duke of Portland, who, as well as the Duchess, is a cyclist, has been re-elected President of the Nottingham Castle Bicycle Club. Among Royalties, Princess Hélène of Italy is often a-wheel, and has recently been presented by her mother with a beautiful new machine, the handles of which are of ivory emblazoned with the Royal Arms. The Crown Prince of Germany, too, is an expert rider, and frequently joins the cyclists' section of his regiment.

Here is another story to cap the one I told you a-while ago. This week it is a snake-story, and happened somewhere in the Western States. A cyclist was coasting down a "grade" when, to his consternation, he beheld before him on the track a rattlesnake. To avoid it was impossible, and the only thing to do was to trust to his speed to save him. Boldly he faced the obstacle, and rode straight over the body of the snake. The indignant reptile struck at him as he passed, but his speed was too great, the poisonous teeth missed the rider and fixed themselves in the hub of the hind-wheel. The cyclist continued his course for some distance, but it was not long before the poison began to work. Like Pharaoh's chariots, his machine began to drag heavily, and, dismounting to ascertain the cause, he discovered that the hub where the snake's teeth had entered was rapidly swelling. Repeated applications of coal-oil to the wound and injections of brandy into the tyre proved of no avail. Ere the sun set his noble steed was lost to him for ever.

Mr. John Murray—how lovingly he lingers on the "Mr."—has issued a very handy little roadbook for cyclists who want to reach the New Forest from London by Guildford and Southampton, and back again by Romsey and Epsom. The twenty little maps that accompany it are invaluable.

That an unusually large number of our fellow countrymen and women are contemplating cycling tours on the Continent is evident from the number of applications for membership of the *Touring Club de France*. The applicants during the month of April numbered no less than eight thousand, of whom a considerable proportion of both sexes were English. The great advantage offered by the club and the trifling amount of the subscription make it worth while for anyone to become a member who contemplates a cycling tour in France, no matter how brief.

The Gamage Cycling and Athletic Club have arranged for one of their now famous professional running and cycling meetings to take place at the Wood Green track on Whit Monday. When it is said that Tom Linton, Barden, A. A. Chase, and all the champions are competing, it will prove conclusively that the spectators will have their money's worth. Running matches and a comic costume race will be included in a programme which bids fair to beat the record.

While medical men have written *ad nauseam* upon the beneficial effects of cycling on the physique and health of the body I have not yet come across many clerical opinions as to its effects, beneficial or otherwise, on the spiritual life. It is true that in the Church of England ecclesiastical dignitaries, from bishops downwards, are patrons of the wheel; and I mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago that the Amazons of the Salvation Army in America were advancing to attack the Satanic strongholds on their Hallelujah cycles, while even the demure ranks of Quakerism had been invaded by the all-prevailing fashion. Cycling does not, however, meet with the approval of a celebrated Presbyterian minister in New York, though he appears to condemn cycling for ladies on aesthetic rather than religious grounds. This worthy divine is reported to have spoken as follows in a sermon preached recently: "There are degrees of ugliness, but I think the ugliest sight is a woman on a bicycle. Nevertheless, my daughter rides one. If she wants to be ugly, why I am willing she should be. If you young women want to be ugly, don't let my opinion interfere with you bicycling." This certainly is plain speaking from the pulpit, and it would be interesting to know whether the young lady was present to hear this public announcement of parental opinion on her appearance.

MACGIBBON.

Whereas a man of the name of Andrew B. MacGibbon, wrongfully giving an address on his card as of the *Savage and Junior Atheneum Clubs*, is in the habit of representing himself to various manufacturers as authorised to sketch their works on behalf of THE SKETCH, this is to give notice that the said MacGibbon is quite unknown to the proprietors of THE SKETCH, who repudiate all knowledge of his proceedings, and will be obliged by any persons to whom the said representation may in future be made communicating at once with them.



JOHN FOSTER FRASER, FRANK H. LOWE, AND S. EDWARD LUNN.

Photo by *Jalbhoi, Karachi.*

the result was an attack of small-pox, which has laid him up in the Punjab. It is hoped that his illness is not of a very serious nature. His two friends are remaining with him, and on his recovery they will proceed on their tour.

Bicycle-thieves still flourish. During the last fortnight no less than ten bicycles have, to my knowledge, been stolen from private individuals. One machine, chained and padlocked, was removed from an unlocked room in a bachelor's chambers; another, also chained, was stolen from a railway station while the owner was washing; a third was obtained by means of the confidence trick; the fourth was "called for" during its owner's absence from home; the fifth vanished from a pavement in Kensington; the sixth was obtained by threats in a country lane, and so on. The bicycle-burglar's trade seems to prosper.

A day or two ago a lady asked me to examine her machine. I did so. The mechanism seemed to be in perfect order, yet the wheels refused to revolve—refused, indeed, to move. Upon my removing the gear-case—a Carter gear-case—I found that it contained a solid mass of substance resembling unmelted glue, in which the chain was imbedded. Very soon it transpired that the fair cyclist had by accident poured into the gear-case a peculiar sort of varnish warranted to become hard when exposed to the air. She had mistaken it for lubricating oil.

An amusing incident occurred last week at a cycle race-meeting in the North of England. The last race of the day was in progress, and the finishing bell had already been sounded, when a savage-looking bulldog rushed suddenly forward and viciously drove his teeth into the winning cyclist's back wheel. With a loud report the tyre exploded, but almost at the same instant the erstwhile frolicsome dog was seen spinning gaily into space, after the manner of a Jules Verne's *météor*. The cyclist has not yet recovered.

Will someone compile a catalogue of "the uses of the bicycle"? This column would be too short to enumerate even its home uses, but I may be allowed to mention one which, I admit, had never occurred to me until I read it in a newspaper the other day. It was there stated that the appearance of an American lady cyclist in Arabia had put a whole caravan of Bedouins to flight! Of course, before long, camels will be out of date, and Arab horses a drug in the market when the Sheik

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLLING

The strain and stress of the season are fairly on us now. Everybody is worked to death in the pursuit of pleasure or profit, as the case may be, while the last agreeable quantity seems to have converted the country into a veritable Land of Canaan, if all one hears of the fabulous charges given and asked for everything, from rhubarb to rubies, be true. So great was the pressure at both recent Drawing-Rooms that those who were last in the fray were obliged to take their presentations without the attendant actualities of the situation, word being sent out that all still remaining were to consider themselves as duly presented. Once before this unforeseen arrangement took place, and that was during the season which saw the Duke and Duchess of York married. It is easy, therefore, to understand that it might have occurred in this present abnormal occasion, and, although the *kudos* and prestige remained, it must have been a decided disappointment to the unpresented few. One of many delightfully constructed gowns was that worn by Mrs. Ogden Goelet, a Transatlantic hostess of renown on the American and Riviera side of things, whose delightful yachting parties are familiar and appreciated functions "with all that are anything" in the Mediterranean season. Mrs. Frank Garratt, one of the smart newly married, wore lovely diamonds. Lady Limerick, also presented on her marriage by Lady Savile, creditably supported the Hibernian beauty contingent. Mrs. Lionel Sartoris may be described, in the nervous American vernacular, which equally applies to English beauty, as looking "just lovely"; and I think this representation of Mrs. Leyland Barratt's cream satin gown, which has been done by Jay, will obtain a measure of admiration for its lovely embroideries.

To talk of a black repp dress may at the present sweltering moment sound incongruously hot, but I have seen a too-charming version of this



[Copyright.]

MRS. LEYLAND BARRATT'S COURT GOWN.

newly revived material to pass it over in silence, all the more, as we never know, from hour to hour—I will not say day to day—what our surprisingly unforeseen climate has in store for us. One moment snow and sleet, the next sunshine's very hottest smiles, and yet the geographies persist in the fable of calling us dwellers in a temperate atmospheric condition!

One does not get the credit of one's woes even in school-books. Meanwhile, returning to the black silk repp, with rounded skirt, made fourreau-like in front, with well-developed godets behind: four rows of pink and silver braid trim the sides of apron and bodice, which is made with basques, the rest being composed of ivory lace and mousseline-de-soie. Lapels of pink, white, and green tartan, with turn-over collar and cuffs of the same, give that touch of lightness which converts this eminently useful dress into a smart one besides. The tartan neck-trimming, which forms a double crest on both sides, was very becoming.

That curious fashion of dividing the upper part of the skirt with a sort of yoke coming half-way down, may be modish, but is not charming. Many of the newest dresses are treated to it notwithstanding, and a dainty little arrangement in shot black and white taffetas is possessed by a friend who revels in such eccentric matters of the mode, the upper part of which is

covered in Chantilly, spangled with little jet sequins. Three flounces of the same lace, made over stiff Brussels net, surround the skirt, which is lined with cherry colour. Of course, if the heat increases apace, as we may now perhaps venture to hope it will do, muslins will be our only wear, for, as a fashionable article of consumption, the new checked and flowered muslins take precedence even of silks this season. Two of the prettiest gowns of this sort I have met so far were worn at the Empress Club opening function on Thursday. One was a large-patterned pale-green with light-blue flowers; it was made up over white silk. Another, of black mousseline-de-soie, with huge mauve- and violet-coloured pansies, showed a pale-pink silk lining and had a quantity of ivory lace and pink ribbons in most becoming profusion on the bodice. To name one fair dame or damsel's frock in the embarrassment of new outfits which appeared on this occasion would seem an invidious distinction, however, for few better-dressed gatherings have been arrived at than those which graced all three receptions of this extremely well-organised and smartly supported *cercle*.

While on the subject of clubs, I am reminded of a gay foregathering which came off at Dieppe, of all places, last week, when the Trap Club met, for the first time this season, at Caude Côte, just ten minutes' walk from the town—a lovely spot, well known to the sporting section of both genders, though but little to the ordinary passer-by. It is good to get away from routine now and then, even if one's groove lies principally in pleasant places, and Dieppe, as a Friday to Monday change of venue, is one of several good and get-at-able week-end possibilities, particularly before the regular seaside season starts and the obvious tripper spreads his trail over land and longshore. Bicycling is in full force there, as in the remotest corners of Mother Earth, and many of the smart Parisians who come to be periodically "picked up" had costumes of the most ineffable, white being first favourite as a colour both in material and machine. Nearly all the latter had ivory handle-bars with initials, and very frequently coat-of-arms or crest, carved thereon—a bit of ostentation which is, by the way, not less superfluous on knife-handle than handle-bar. The habit of labelling one's very domestic belongings with quarterings inherited or acquired (I will not say assumed) has a newly rich air that offends fastidious eyes. Not that a bicycle is either domestic or domesticated, but the argument as to its heraldic decoration holds with the ordinary mortal, although there is royal precedent for the same, the Queen of Italy having quite recently given her daughter, Princess Hélène, a very glorified version of the bicycle with elaborately gilded frame and the royal arms inlaid on the aforesaid bar.

Returning to the matter of clothes, which grow more elaborated apace, I have just seen sketches of thirty-six separate, distinct, and widely differing versions of the new sleeves for this season of grace, all of which have been concocted by one inventive Frenchwoman. Plain, parti-coloured, puffed, pucker, one could scarcely suppose that within its diminished limits the sleeves, *pur et simple*, could wring so many changes. Hats are for the most part faithful to one colour, and this one illustrated is a rather good example of the glorified sailor shape in cerise satin straw, with a big garland of dog-roses in several tones of the same colour, and an erection of pink ibis wings at the back. A new shape which turns up in front with high crown is the crux of the moment in



[Copyright.]

THREE SHADES OF PINK.

Paris, and to be very modish one must, if in that gay little town, wear ones chapeau *en bataille*—a style, I may, however, confide, which suits few of the faces beneath.

I hope this pretty little gown of pink, with silver-spangled yoke and lace flounces, will recommend itself to someone in search of an idea. It is a simple but very becoming style, and the mixture of pink and silver is very good. In grey it might be successfully copied, and steel sequins substituted.

One of the most amusing and original parties given for some time was that which foregathered considerably over a thousand people at the Albert Hall on Monday. To begin with, there were seventeen hostesses, each of whom asked a hundred chosen friends, more or less, and for entertainment, instead of the stereotyped professional aids to amusement, which are on the usual party list, it was proposed to invoke the attractive presence of those young ladies whose wheeling feats were the chief item of two strong programmes at Ranelagh last season. Miss Stuart Snell, being one of the hostesses, was enabled to put the smart idea of a bicycle-party to most excellent proof, and a more charming *ensemble* cannot be imagined than that presented by the sixteen fair wheelwomen for the edification of their various friends on



[Copyright.]

WHITE OVER PINK.

Monday afternoon. Miss Grenfell and her sister, the most graceful of a graceful group, led the various figures. Miss McHardy, Miss Fletcher, Miss Clepham, Miss Hastings, Miss Howell and her sister, the Misses Webster and Mayne, Mrs. Denison-Pender, Mrs. Urwick, Mrs. Sopper, and Miss Effie James—whose uncle, Sir Francis de Winton, was in evidence, by the way—made up the list of white-frocked nymphs of the wheel who contributed so prettily to the afternoon's entertainment. The hall put on quite a gala air, to which gay garments variously added in every tone of the rainbow. Among the hundred-and-one well-known people were Lady Amherst, Lady Malmesbury, Lady de Sain, Admiral Wood, and Lady Mar. A frock worn by one fair damsel, name unknown, greatly enthused me. It was of dove-grey sun-pleated chiffon over silk to match, and the belt, of grey kid, was studded with turquoises.

The hair mounts still aloft, only more so, and to do away with the flat, unprofitable back view, which the fashionable head perforce presents, the hairdressers are using pads of considerable size on the coiffures of their victims, and I am credibly assured that, at the opera some evenings since, several women wore heads as large as tea-cosies. If the chignon appears in London, somebody will, I trust, start a league. We really must not be permitted to return to these barbarisms of our great-aunts.

One half-forgotten habit of the good old times I am, on the other hand, very glad to see revived, and even flourishing. Quite a smart crowd attended the Miniature Painters' private view at Graves Gallery in Pall Mall on Saturday, and, indeed, the habit of ivory portraits seems to have once more gained the ear of fashion. Who would not wish to be handed on to the generations by Mr. Edward Taylor, for instance? Mr. Arthur Young is also a colourist of quality. His miniatures are

even better than his landscapes. A very well-dressed girl wore the smartest toque of the year at this gathering. It was, primarily, of drab satin straw, but such a pretty shape! The brim, turned up at one side, was irregularly waved. A frilled ruche of mauve tulle, in which were set rosettes of black ostrich-feather, one thick mauve feather, curled backwards, and a black brush aigrette, assisted the effect; but it was in the way that these materials were put together that the attraction lay, which, indeed, applies to other things besides millinery.

What the advertisements were wont to describe as a long-felt want has been very satisfactorily supplied in the red-brick quarter of the Cadogan estate by those new rooms in Hans Crescent, where festivities of sorts make the "nights" glorious at present. On Friday Mrs. Spencer Chapman's guests were capital accord with a capital floor, and some of the prettiest gowns with girls to match were effectively shown up by a green background of palms, which were arranged with excellent judgment all around. One dress of pale-blue brocade, having a very Parisian air, was trimmed with cascades of ivory lace down each side of the front, a method of ornamentation now very modish for evening wearables. The lace, spangled with little silver sequins, was also draped around the square-cut bodice. A big bow of violet velvet was fastened at one shoulder, and in the centre appeared a large turquoise button, similar to those which were used to fasten up the bodice under left shoulder. I hope, by the way, that in the rage for reproducing old fashions, the dressmakers will not revert to buttons for closing up our corsages, for, however charming in a particular instance, like the present, buttoned-up bodices are not, generally speaking, things of beauty. Little buttons made to simulate a single pearl, also diamonds and rubies in cabuchon shape, are being used again, however, in French gowns. And, apropos of pearls, I hear that several of the prosperously pursed are reserving their available forces for the jewel sale at Christie's, to come off on the 10th of next month, when, among many items of interest, the chiefest will be the well-known pearl necklace belonging to the Duke of Manchester. Occasionally such notable toys come into the market, as the phrase goes, like the Eglinton black pearls, for instance, which are now owned by Lady Maple, but not often. Pearls with such pedigrees are more interesting belongings than the too-diffuse diamond nowadays. Time was indeed when a tiara or a *rivière* of such stones was a distinct and distinguished possession; but now, like the red ribbon satirised and immortalised by Mark Twain, "few escape them."

Up to now the country club season can scarcely be said to have started, but, with this late-come touch of summer, sporting fixtures both at Ranelagh and Hurlingham have had a large attendance during the past week. To see smart dresses in perfection you must, to my thinking, view them on the green carpet of a well-kept lawn, and nowhere does the eye rest with greater pleasure—to be very poetic and particular—on artistic chiffons than on the well-kept lawns of these aforesaid suburban Edens. For country-house garden-parties, look you, however strong socially, gastronomically, and otherwise, have rather an air of two-year-old fashions, which the sprinkling of up-to-date millinery interludes brought back by those who have done the season in town somewhat insufficiently interrupts, but at Fulham and Barnes it is very otherwise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROUD PARENT (Exeter).—I inferred that you had the "divine" sense of humour, even from your pseudonym. Don't be sorry for it, but don't always exercise it, if I may advise one so well versed in the gentle art of giving advice. I should think the particular branch you have taken up very suited to a lady-doctor, and the chance of a practice would, or should, be increased by coming to town, but there are, as you say, many things to be considered in such a step. Meanwhile, about cycles for the children. The most perfect possible little models are on view at the Columbia Depôt, 21, Baker Street. They are light, well modelled, and put together in the best possible manner. The company would send you prices by applying, and I have no doubt would allow you a discount in ordering a number for the school.

GRACE (Kerry).—(1) You did not give a *nom-de-plume*, so I have used your first name. Personal information is mercifully not one of my responsibilities, but I can answer you in so far as this, that chaperons are not very difficult to find, and that by casting your eyes over the *Morning Post* columns you will find a very considerable list of ladies, "able and willing," if one may rely on their advertisements, to introduce ambitious débütantes advantageously for a *consideration*. The lady you mention as having lately left Dublin is, I happen to know, in the best society here, as she was there, and, if you know her, would be quite the most competent person you could ask to advise you in the selection of such a home as you desire. (2) Why not go in for photography if your time hangs heavily? There are lovely bits in every mile of your picturesque county, and a little camera, in addition to your bicycle, would arm you against many moments of dulness. If you come over for the season, you would have free lessons from the famous Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street. Their most moderately priced hand-cameras possess all the virtues and none of the vices incidental to the gentle art of photography. (3) Doré is a first-rate tailor, and would give you a perfect fit. In ordering the habit you should explain the style of safety-skirt you are accustomed to. His address is 25, Conduit Street.

SYBIL.

Mrs. Orpen's "Perfection City" (Hutchinson) is one of the brightest and briskest of the minor novels of the day. It is a good-humoured satire on short-cuts to human virtue and happiness proposed by Communists, the scene laid in America, in a city built by a rich woman to give scope and opportunity to ideal theories of life. Perhaps communistic settlements have been ridiculed enough, perhaps Hawthorne settled the matter; but, at least, Mrs. Orpen builds a very lively story on the old theme, and the group of characters, including visionaries, inhuman persons, interested persons, sensible heretics, and the woman who started the whole affair for the love of a man, not of a theory, are excellently portrayed.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 9.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There is still no important feature to record in the discount market. Rates continue quite nominal, and the reduction of the Bank of England rate to 2 per cent. leaves that venerable institution quite as far out of touch with the market as it was before the change was made. With three months' first-class bills quoted at $\frac{7}{8}$ to $\frac{11}{12}$, what is the meaning of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate?

A MONETARY FETISH.

We have never been able to understand why 2 per cent. should be regarded as the irreducible minimum for the Bank of England rate. There is no maximum, as witness the 10 per cent. rate imposed during the crisis of 1857, and the similar height which the Bank Rate attained when the Overend-Gurney failure disorganized business in 1866. Why should there be a minimum? If the Bank of England would depart from the absurd traditional rule that the discount rate must never be less than 2 per cent., it could at once regain much of its old prestige as the arbiter of the Money Market. It seems childish folly that there should be such an extraordinary discrepancy as now habitually exists between the Bank Rate and the Money Market.

THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY'S REPORT.

The report of this, one of the most respectable of the American Brewery Companies, is very poor reading, and will no doubt be disappointing to the shareholders. The worst feature in the statement which the directors have to lay before their proprietors is the heavy falling off in the number of barrels sold from 286,016 for the year ending February 1896 to 234,251 for the present year, and as a natural consequence the profits are also considerably diminished. So alarming has been the decline in the company's trade that the American board have been obliged to cut down the price of the beer, and this, with the increased duty, makes it probable that there is another bad year in store for the concern. Probably the directors have done the best thing possible in reducing prices, and, as usual, very full explanations will be given at the meeting on the 31st inst., but the outlook is certainly not cheering, and shows the risks to which American Breweries are exposed. In our opinion the ordinary shares of this class of undertaking should yield the holder 10 per cent. to make the security at all tempting.

THE INDIAN LOAN.

The syndicate, whose members thought they were going to make a fine thing out of the Indian loan, and tendered for it at £96 13s., have made a rather serious mistake, which may cost them some money, particularly if, as is said, they have sold any of their stock in anticipation of large allotments. The inner history of this issue must be rather interesting. The syndicate was only sixpence out in the figure; but, at £96 13s., they only got four per cent. of their applications, while tenders at £96 13s. 6d. and above get allotments in full. We do not recollect a case in which the result of tenders showed such a very narrow margin, and we expect that it will lead to considerable comment. It would be particularly interesting to know whether the tenders at £96 13s. 6d. were on a large scale, and if so, by whom they were made.

A CHANCE FOR DAIRYMEN.

Some funny prospectuses pass through our hands from time to time; but it is long since we have seen anything in that way so charming as the "V. V." (Vis Vitæ) Bread Company, Limited. The framers of the prospectus do not appear to have the slightest conception of how humorous they can be without effort, and they gravely announce that they

... propose to give favourable consideration to applications for shares from dairymen and others who sell "V. V." bread (usually referred to as agents).

We presume that what is meant is that the dairymen and others who sell "V. V." bread are usually described as agents, and that it is ignorance of the English language that has led to the construction of this amazing sentence. A very fine certificate is included in the prospectus from two gentlemen, each of whom is an F.I.C. and an F.C.S. They are unanimous in stating that "the smell and taste are both sweet and acceptable." The subscription list was to close on or before Tuesday, May 25. We regret, therefore, that the present issue of *The Sketch* will appear too late for our readers to take advantage of the following splendid offer: "Arrangements have been made with 'Ye Mecca,' Limited, by which anyone wishing to taste the bread can procure it when taking tea or coffee at any of their establishments during the days the subscription list is open."

YANKEES.

The recent rise in American Rails seemed to have something wrong with it. It lacked spontaneity; the public was not induced to come in, and the professional operators did not venture to carry the game very far. The fact is that the British public is thoroughly disgusted with the methods of American railroad "bosses," and that the disgust is so general that very little discrimination is made between the few lines which are honestly managed and the larger number which are not. If Mr. McKinley succeeds in getting a heavier tariff imposed than the present one, that may lead for a time to increased local traffic, which is, of course, more profitable than import business; but the whole situation at present is about as uncertain as it could possibly be.

THE SAMPSON FOX CASE.

Last week, when commenting on this case, which is really one of the most important financial actions which has been fought for some years, we remarked that the articles which appeared in *To-Day*, and which induced Mr. Fox to see whether a Court of Law would mend his battered character, were among the most persistent and vigorous attacks on any semi-public person which had ever appeared in any journal. The writer of these articles we now learn is Mr. George Wedlake, who for years was City Editor of the *Star*, and who, in that capacity, exposed many notorious swindles. The portrait we give is a most excellent likeness of the man who has just added another most notable triumph to a long list of similar achievements. If there were more journalists like Mr. George Wedlake, and more proprietors like Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, we should have less companies like the British Water Gas Syndicate; especially if some slight alteration could be made in the present preposterous libel law.

THE CYCLE INDUSTRY.

Nobody will deny that a large measure of success has attended operations in this class of business during the past few years, but we think that investors would do well to pause at this juncture and take a survey of the general position. The cycling papers are all very excited because one of their number has had the audacity to say that all is not as it ought to be with the cycle trade, and to reassure their readers strolling correspondents have hastily been sent round to interview the leading makers and agents, as if such persons were in the least likely to cry stinking fish upon the housetops. The idea of expecting Mr. Herbert to say the Premier Company was doing badly, or Mr. Marsden that he could not sell Sunbeams, or Mr. Harry J. Lawson that the demand for motors was not excessive! The thing is too silly.

The truth of the matter appears to be that there is no cause for alarm, so far as the well-known companies are concerned, for the present; they will mostly close their financial year at the end of the summer, and certainly until then they will have, on paper, big profits. Whether they won't, later on, find a good crop of bad debts with agents, and how the trade will last through the autumn, is quite another matter. Probably the over-capitalised concerns will suffer then; but, for ourselves, we cannot see that there is any reason for shareholders in companies like the Rover, the Centaur, the New Enfield, or the Elswick to get rid of their holdings. Of course, if any belated reader is a shareholder in any company over which Mr. H. J. Lawson presides, the sooner he finds some other fellow to give him something for his paper the better; but we should say the same, slump or no slump, nor have we ceased from warning the public against taking up shares in the hundred and one small companies whose prospectuses have for so long been merely fly-traps for the unwary. It is very easy to get allotments in such affairs, but very hard, as several correspondents appear to find, to dispose of them when you want the money. If we were asked to select as a lock-up a cheap share we should say Elswick 6 per cent. pref. at 14s. were the pick of the basket, for it only takes a profit of £6000 a year to make their dividend secure, and we shall be much surprised if the London Stereoscopic Company's agency alone does not do enough trade to secure such a small sum.

A CYCLE PROSPECTUS.

The prospectus of Cross and Matthews, Limited, is a fairly good specimen of the class of cycle promotions thrown at the public of late. The company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, amalgamating, and carrying on what is termed as two successful businesses, but the public are kept entirely in the dark as to what their respective dividend-earning capacities have been. The accountant's certificate as to profits lumps the two businesses together, and is about the weakest thing we have seen for some time. In the first place it deals with the books of one of the companies for a period of twenty-one months, and the other for only about five months, bringing out the profits at the rate of 33 per cent. per annum. We would, however, point out that this dividend was earned on the total capital employed in the two businesses during that period; but what the amount of that capital was the prospectus does not descend to say.

THE HAINAUT MINE.

At the meeting of this West Australian mining company held this week the chairman was bound to confess that, although they had got a battery put up and every appliance for treating their ore, they had as yet



MR. GEORGE WEDLAKE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

nothing to keep the machinery employed upon. Explaining the position, he said: "That is what we have done, and if we had got ore, as we were told we had got, it would have been all right. We took the trouble of taking copies of extracts of Mr. Leslie Norman's letters and cables, and sent them to the shareholders, and if all these had been true—and we thought that they were true—he was quite right in erecting machinery and preparing to crush; but, unfortunately, although he got patches of good ore, he certainly had no right whatever to erect machinery at the time he did."

A more remarkable tribute to the accuracy and intelligence of our West Australian correspondent we cannot conceive, for in a letter of his published by us on Sept. 23 last, he summed up the position of this very property as follows—

The ground was covered with machinery, and magnificent poppet heads were being put up over a main shaft. Huge boilers were being erected, and all the place was chock full of expensive if not effective machinery. I asked to see the mine. The manager looked puzzled. "The main shaft is down 197 ft. in hard blue diorite," said he. I wanted to go down, but he said it was not connected with the workings.

There were three prospecting shafts and an air-shaft 100 ft. deep. Now, I ask, why, in the name of goodness, did the directors send out a whole consignment of machinery when absolutely no development work had been done at all? I will guarantee that the manager, who was an old miner, and knew his business thoroughly, was never consulted. He was much too loyal to say anything, but he must have groaned many times at such a one-eyed way of working. That man should have been given two years to develop his mine, drive his levels, sink his shafts; then let him have his battery.

And in his concise statement of the prospectus of the various mines at Hannans, published on November 11 last, we find—

Hainault. No work done. Assays were good.

What more can we do than give the shareholders this kind of information about eight months before the directors take them into their confidence?

ISSUES.

Thomas Tilling, Limited.—This is an old-established omnibus and general cab and carriage jobbing business, which is offering for subscription £75,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debentures, and 40,000 5½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each. The present proprietors take all the ordinary shares in part payment of the purchase money, and there appear to be solid assets to cover more than the whole capital which the public is asked to subscribe—a most unusual and satisfactory feature of the prospectus. Both classes of capital offered appear well secured, and the auditor's certificate is full and fair.

Studman's Stores, Limited.—This is a case of joint-stock company-mongering run mad. The total profits which the auditor can certify extend over about eleven months, and are at the magnificent rate of £1110 a-year. Why twopenny-halfpenny stores in Gloucester doing such a small business should be turned into a joint-stock company is one of those things which no fellow can understand; but to quote the price of the shares in concerns such as Spiers and Pond's, or Harrod's Stores, as any criterion of what the investor here may expect is the very height of impertinence, and, in our opinion, calculated to mislead many people who do not pause to think. Nothing about the prospectus, from the directors downwards, is, in our opinion, calculated to inspire a wise man with any desire to invest.

Coleman and Company, Limited.—This seems to be a company formed to take over a patent medicine or preparation known as "Wincarnis" or Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine. There are two classes of debentures already placed; and the present prospectus only offers 50,000 6 per cent. pref. shares. The company deals in other articles of a proprietary nature, such as invalid champagne—we prefer Pomeroy and Greno—coca wine, and the like; but, curiously enough, the auditor's certificate refers only to "Wincarnis," which makes the figures quite useless, for the profits so made may have been more than eaten up by the loss on the other preparations, and, if this is not so, it is curious that the certificate should have been so worded. These things are, as a rule, not done by accident. It does not appear whether the annual advertising expenses have been charged against the certified profits or not. Surely, if this were so, it would have been stated in so many words. Our readers may well leave these preference shares to foolish people who do not read *The Sketch*.

The Golden Cross, Limited.—This is an hotel concern, to which nobody but an idiot would subscribe on the faith of the prospectus, which is, of course, the best that Sir David Barclay and his co-directors can say about it. Fancy asking any sane person to pay £65,000 for a business which has averaged £2224 a year for five years, "although the average profit was not maintained in 1896," as even the auditors are obliged to confess! The thing is too absurd, especially when it is recollected that it is made out of a public-house, and to arrive at even this result credit (not cash) has to be taken for the rooms occupied by the present proprietor. Readers cannot button up their pockets too tightly over such a prospectus.

The British Indiarubber and Exploration Company, Limited.—The prospectus of this company is a document on which, if a man subscribes, he certainly stands very little chance of being able to complain about the truth or otherwise of the statements made as to the property, for very little is said but generalities on the rubber trade, which may be good padding, but to our mind wants something more definite to be of any use as a guide to the advisability of subscribing for the company's securities. We have always heard that West African rubber was of a poor quality, but we don't find this anywhere stated! The company is formed to acquire the great Rubber (with a capital R) growing territory of Appaboomah, situate about thirty-five miles from Cape Coast Castle, &c. Think of it, gentle reader! If you put your money into this magnificent enterprise you will never be able to pronounce the name of the salubrious spot from which your dividends are drawn, and so the secret of your increased wealth will ever remain locked in your own breast. The shares may be a speculation not altogether unattractive to the silliest form of investor, but of the debentures the most hardened penny-a-liner would find it very difficult to say a good word. To invite subscriptions for debentures of such a company is, in our opinion, a piece of impertinence, the only excuse for which can be the fact that the world is composed mostly of fools.

The Coolgardie Brewery, Limited, is trying to issue 8 per cent. pref. and ordinary shares. In such a climate as Coolgardie only Colonial sugar-beer can be brewed, and, as facilities for transports improve, even this will be found to be better made at places like Perth, where a larger production can be obtained, materials are cheaper, and cooling arrangements better. We remember the Brewery failures at Charters Towers in the early days, and do not recommend this concern.

The Foreign and Colonial Gold Recovery and Trading Company, Limited.—This is an impudent prospectus, whereby a sum of £200,000 is asked for certain amalgamation patents of one F. C. May, which, so far, have not progressed beyond laboratory experiments. No name connected with the enterprise, in our opinion, is calculated to induce subscriptions, and we strongly advise our readers to leave it severely alone.

James W. Cook and Co., Limited.—This is an amalgamation of an old warehouse-keeper's business with a lighterman's concern founded in 1883. The auditors' certificate appears very full and satisfactory, the names on the prospectus almost a guarantee of respectability, and, on the whole, either class of share will probably prove a good investment.

Saturday, May 22, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NORTHUMBRIAN.—Your money is gone. If you would read the "Notes" in the current week's *Sketch* before writing us letters, you would save your own time and ours. See our issue of last week.

DEPENDIENTE.—(1) We are told the prospects are still good. (2) Our advice as to this mine was based on the developments in the properties around it. We once sold shares at 30s. We do not advise Victory shares unless you are prepared to lock them up. (3) As a speculation we believe they are all right, but we have no special information.

ENQUIRER.—We know no book such as you want. A London Directory will give you a complete list of the Metropolitan brokers, and we suppose local Directories will give you the provincial ones.

S. J. C.—We never recommended Gladiators as a speculation, but as a lock-up, and we expressly warned correspondents that very probably the West Australian Market had not reached bottom. The merits of the mine are considerable; the crushings will begin in September, and if you will pay for a few shares and put them away till the autumn they ought to turn out well.

RIDER.—See this week's "Notes." Elswick 6 per cent. pref. shares are, in our opinion, the cheapest line in the whole Cycle Market.

J. E. W.—Try Day Dawn Block, Victory (Charters Towers), Croydon Consols, and Gladiators. We do not say you will get in at the bottom, but if you wait too long to try and effect this, the market may be too quick for you. Don't forget it is a speculation.

J. D. B.—We have returned your enclosures. The concern is well spoken of in the House, and, although we have no special information, the shares appear a good speculative purchase.

SAGAX.—We really do not know what will happen in 1900. The interest is secured upon—(1) the Egyptian Tribute; (2) the Customs of Syria, not Cyprus. Turkey does not seem likely to be able to pay off, and till that happy time comes the Governments of England and France are bound by their guarantee. As the guarantors have never been called upon, and are not responsible for the capital, we doubt if they will help Turkey to pay off, and we are holding our own bonds for about 117 or 118, which, we think, they are worth. In the space at our disposal we cannot write an essay on the prospects of this loan.

PERPLEXED.—We should hold for a bit to see how the African Market goes. If there is a general rise, no doubt a reorganisation scheme will be brought out by Barney Barnato. The ore is, under present circumstances, too poor to pay, but if the Transvaal Government introduces reforms, it is one of the mines which will principally benefit.

R. G. T.—We think the shares you ask about are the best value we know, and quite as safe and valuable as the pref. shares of any ordinary brewery. The current profits will exceed those of the last year given in the prospectus, and the shares ought to be worth £6. We never write private letters except on the terms of Rule 5.

ALFRED.—The latest information we have been able to get about Mt. Jackson is that the new Eastern Reef, discovered at the 100 ft. level, is developing splendidly, and very good stone is being opened out. This, however, comes from the manager under date of Feb. 6 last, and the company is, or was, certainly short of capital.

H. J. S.—By doing what you suggest you are leaving a safe investment for a number of speculative ones, but as long as you understand this and elect to so act there is very little fault to be found with your list. We do not care for 5 and 6, and suggest Bonanzas and Simmer and Jack as better.

PREMIER.—We would not do business with the people you mention, or any other outside brokers, on the cover system or any other. If you will speculate, do it through a member of the Stock Exchange. We never recommend brokers in these columnus, but only by private letter.

S. B.—We wrote to you on May 17.

LOSER.—We should hold if the shares were our own, not that there is much value in the stuff, but we think Yankee Rails will go better. On any middling rise, sell. You will never get your money back.

CAUTION.—Thanks for your letter. We are glad we saved your money from Douglas Hungerford and Co.

The Universal Food and Cookery Exhibition closed on Wednesday. The Prix d'Honneur was awarded to Van Houten's Cocoa, for purity, strength, flavour, and digestibility—in addition to true economy in use.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race days, a special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 31 to June 3, *vid* Liverpool Street and the East London Line, direct to Epsom each morning.

For the Epsom Summer Races the South-Western Railway Company announce that they have arranged to run the usual special express trains from London direct to their station at Epsom. For the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland counties, arrangements have been made with the various railway companies to issue through tickets to Epsom, *vid* Kensington. The arrangements made for the conveyance of racehorses from Newmarket to Epsom for the Spring Meeting having proved such a success, the company have decided to repeat them.